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Semper Fidelis

THE U.S. MARINES IN ACTION

by KEITH AYLING

ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS

1943
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · BOSTON
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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

To Jack Delano artist and marine

And I shall give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. — John 10:28.

Also by KEITH AYLING

R.A.F., the story of a fighter pilot Aviation Service Flying Furies, the story of a fighter plane

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Ι

MEET THE MARINES

THERE is dash and glamour about a marine. He is a hard man in a distinctive uniform. He talks a language of his own, sees life with a slant different from men of other corps, and molds his entire life to the tradition of his Corps.

The Marines are probably the oldest body of fighting men in the world. Both the Greeks and the Romans had marine corps, known as the Epibatai and Charsiarii. They were described as land soldiers trained for sea service and were rowed or sailed to their points of action. Upon landing, they opened up the engagement to prepare the way for the main body of soldiers and artillery. Through the ages, all countries have developed their marines as advance shock troops. The phrase, "The Marines have landed," is as old as the history of war.

Before the outbreak of the war, you could find marines of all nations all over the world. American, British, French marines, all men chosen for their physical and mental fitness and wearing uniforms very similar, fought their nation's battles on sea and land and policed the outposts of the world.

Marines of all nations have always been friendly rivals and have had great enthusiasm for action.

An example of the integrity and fighting spirit of the marines of other nations was shown when the American

troops landed in North Africa and the French marines were the first to volunteer for service with the United Nations against the Germans. These tall, tough Frenchmen had been chafing to fight through the long, weary months under the Vichy government. An American Navy flier, shot down and taken prisoner by the French, related that when he was taken to the hospital, five or six French marines joined forces to welcome him. They looked after him during his imprisonment, found him cigarettes and food, and treated him as if he were a brother in arms, instead of an invading enemy, as did the officers and men of the Vichy Navy. At first, because he was wearing the American Navy fliers' khaki uniform, they had thought he was a brother marine. When he explained to them that he was a Navy officer, they simply said: "You are a friend. The marines fight with the Navy and the Army. We will fight with anyone - British or American - against the Boche."

Later, they produced two British marines who had been taken off a torpedoed ship by the French and put in prison. The French marines had been protecting them and feeding them from their own mess. Such is the spirit of the "fightingest" men in the world, and that spirit was never better demonstrated than by our own United States Marine Corps.

Today, you find the United States Marines fighting the enemy on land, on sea, and in the air. They fight as infantry, as paratroops, in raider battalions. They fly and glide and sail with the task forces. Outside the captain's cabin on a battleship or carrier you will invariably find a marine standing to attention in his distinctive uniform. The rest of the ship's personnel may relax, but while he is on duty, the marine conforms to the strictest discipline that has been instilled in him. Visit any naval base, or shore station, the Navy Department at Washington, and

there you will find the smartest guard of all — the disciplined marine.

The Marines are different from other branches of the service. Any "boot," or recruit in training, will tell you this. It doesn't mean that individual marines are any braver than the members of any other body of fighting men; it means that the Corps has a reputation to live up to. They shoot better, drill harder, toughen more quickly than the others, and stay tough. This, say Marine sergeants, makes them fight harder.

Tradition plays a great part in Marine training. The indoctrination given a recruit from the time he arrives at Parris Island, the Eastern recruit training center, until he pours hot lead into a Jap or Nazi reminds him that he is a better man than the other fellow. He is shown how to be just that, and a little more.

Marine boot training is the most strenuous a man can get. It is rough, hard, and intensive. The only reward a recruit gets is that it makes him a marine, a member of a Corps with an ace-high reputation wherever the Stars and Stripes have been unfurled.

When a man reaches Parris Island, he literally says goodbye to the outer world for two or three months, until he is either on his way to being a marine or out for some reason or other. This period of training makes the strong stronger and weeds out the unfit, both physically and mentally. On entering the Parris Island establishment, one of the first things a new recruit sees is this legend: "No boy's ghost will ever say 'If your training program had done its job——'" meaning that when a man is through this hard school, he'll know all there is to know about fighting.

Ask any young marine who has been in action, and he will testify to the value of the training given him by the Corps. One marine, Corporal Babcock, put it this way as

he sat up in his hospital bed in New York, where he had been brought from Guadalcanal. He was suffering from wounds caused by a Jap hand grenade that had come hurtling out of the dark jungle a few yards away and burst before his feet. He said: "I joined the United States Marines before the war, by accident, and they made a man out of me as well as a marine. It was the best thing I ever did in my life. I was out of work and went to a recruiting station to inquire about the possibilities of joining the Navy. Inside, I met a Marine recruiting sergeant. He sold me a bill of goods and pumped me full of enthusiasm for the U.S.M.C. When I had passed my physical, I felt as if I were walking on air. I still am in many ways."

Babcock's face was lit with enthusiasm. He seemed only a youngster, even though he was a battle-scarred veteran of one of the toughest engagements ever faced by United States fighting men. "Looking back, I'd say it was some experience," he said, "but not too bad. Our Marine training had fitted us for it. The tradition of the Corps acts on you like some kind of vitamin, brings you through anything. When we first went into action, I was scared. That's only natural. This Guadalcanal show was the strangest of all. We fought mostly in the dark. You rarely saw the enemy by day. At night you were sometimes only a few yards from him. You knew it when a machine-gun nest opened fire and spat tracers into the jungle or hand grenades came lobbing over, sparking and fizzing. Being in the jungle did a lot of things to me, and to the boys. Marines are tough, you know. Our training makes us that way, but most men are not too tough to realize there is something greater than the ordinary things in life that you leave behind in America. That action taught me to think. Up until then, I had been a bit careless about religion and believing in anything but what I saw. I'm different now; so are most of the fellows."

This young corporal is typical of the men who fought and vanquished the Japanese on Guadalcanal, one of the toughest campaigns of the war to date. These men, with an average age of twenty-three, and green in battle, quickly acclimatized themselves to the difficult circumstances, enduring untold hardships that turned them into veterans, the terror of the Japanese.

They acquitted themselves in this campaign in keeping with the tradition of a Corps that has covered itself with glory all over the world during the hundred and sixty-seven years of its existence as a fighting force. The reputation of the United States Marines has not been gained by accident or empty glamour, but by superb training, rigid discipline, and the indoctrination of the fighting spirit.

The United States Marines have a language all their own. In the years that they have traveled and fought all over the world, they have picked up a bit of Navy slang, Army jargon, and the picturesque speech of the countries where they fought.

When a marine says, "Hi, dogface," he means a soldier, his term for doughboy. A sailor is a "flatfoot," and a delinquent who gets a term in the prison or brig is called a "brig-rat." In the brig, he lives on "cake and wine," marine for bread and water, usual diet for members of the Corps who break regulations or prove refractory to discipline. A young marine is called a "chicken" because he's tender. A real chicken is called a "seagull." In the mess hall you would go hungry for a time if you had to ask for everything by its marine name. "Down the seadust" means pass the salt, and when a marine yells at you along the table, "Deal me one!" he means he wants a slice of bread. You can guess perhaps that "the armored heifer"

is a can of milk, but you might be a bit puzzled by being asked to pass the "red lead" (tomato catsup). If your neighbor at chow wants coffee, he asks for "jo," spaghetti is "worms," sugar and cream are the "side-arms," salad is "grass," and pancakes are "collision mats." If you don't down (pass) the chow platter, but put it beside your own plate when you are through helping yourself, you are a "short stop." Your name is Mac anyway. Everyone is Mac in the Marines.

When a marine joins up, he enlists for a "cruise," and if he likes the Corps he "ships over" for a further term, for which he gets a "bean stripe" on his sleeve.

On shore or in the air, the marine always talks as if he were aboardship. The office worker comes "on deck," and the wall of his office, even though it may be out of sight of the sea, is the "bulkhead." His shore bed is a bunk, his bunk on a ship is a hammock or a sack. When a marine goes downstairs, and he goes at the double, he "goes below." If he is sent to an upper floor, his destination is the "topside." A cleaned-up office, or a matter put shipshape, is "squared away." Anything issued to the "boot" by the government is "tailor-made."

The young marines have picturesque names for each

The young marines have picturesque names for each other. The commanding officer, young or old, is known to all as "the old man." An old ranker who looks after young recruits (boots) is called a "sea-pappy." The first sergeant gets the title of "the top." Marines call sailors "swab jockies" and the sailors retort by calling the devildogs "sea-going bell-hops," probably because they guard the quarter deck and the captain's cabin, and provide firing squads and buglers for funerals at sea.

A marine who has served in the China seas is known as an "Asiatic," but if he has not been in an Eastern station more than a year, he is a "griffin." Those who have

crossed the Equator are known as "shellbacks," those who haven't are called "pollywogs." When a marine's hat is out of shape, it is termed "sea-going" or "non-reg-rig." Every marine knows a "whatsit" is a "gismo" or a "nega-jaga."

Even the wife of a marine knows that her husband thinks of her as a "segoonya," the Chinese word for women. If their home is in the suburbs of a big town or in the country, it is in the "boondocks," a Haiti term for back country. If a mother cooks a good meal for her son back on furlough, it is "maskee" or "ding how" (very good). If young Mac's pal went out on a spree, it is just a case of a "pungyo" going "boksok," a word from the native Philippine dialect. If a youngster talks too much, he is giving out "chin music" and someone will tell him to "knock it off." Out on a spree a marine may tell someone to "survey" his glass, which means to fill it up, and when a "boot" gets confused over an order or a problem, he's just "fouled up."

Everything gets a nickname in the Marines. An American living in the tropics is known as a "bamboo," and a Jap is known as a "ring-tail" or a "monkey" and lots of other very uncomplimentary names.

Marines are made and not born and they never feel too old to fight. A leatherneck sergeant is considered the toughest man in the whole of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. These older non-commissioned officers contribute a large part to the handing down of the tradition of the Corps and to the training of the young recruits.

A marine, like a woman, doesn't tell his age. He just shows what he can do, and what he can take, and when he lies down in action it is either to take a cat-nap in a fox hole or because he's full of lead. "Our sergeants are second to none," said a young marine veteran of Pearl Harbor.

"They're certainly tough old babies. They never ask you to do what they won't do themselves. In every training camp you find these old guys with medal ribbons on their barrel chests, and their last stripes blowing on their sleeves. They're lean and bronzed, fit, and leather-hinged. Looking at 'em just makes you crazy to make yourself into that kind of man. Until I was a marine myself, I kind of thought all this glamour and romance about the leathernecks was hooey, but believe me, I soon found out that it was the realest thing in the world."

During the Solomons campaign the name of one tough old sergeant came to be a legend. "That old 'sea-pappy' is just a hundred and sixty-seven years old," said the boys. "He'll make the two hundred any day and still be fightin' mad. Watta man!" The "sea-pappy" is Sergeant Lou Diamond, master gunner and amateur baseball enthusiast, probably the oldest marine in action in this war. What Sergeant Lou Diamond has done with a marine mortar gun will be told as long as there are marines to spin a yarn.

Every youngster on Guadalcanal was quite convinced that Lou had been with the Corps ever since it was founded in 1775. The tough old warrior may be in his fifties, he may be past sixty. No one can quite say how long he has been in the Marines, but all agree that the United States Marines will lose something very vital when Sarge Diamond retires.

Lou is a crack mortar gunner. On Tulagi, he demolished fourteen Japanese buildings in one day with his eighty-one millimeter mortar. His colonel wagered him fifty dollars that he could not get the fifteenth shell down a tall chimney. Lou took careful aim and lobbed the shell right into its mouth. When a Japanese destroyer paid the island a visit before dawn one morning, Lou was out of bed and aiming his shells at the prowling battleship. Although

he did not hit the ship, his fire was so accurate that he drove it off.

Lou is a tough "top," but his men love him. They say he has the loudest voice of anyone in the Corps. When he bellows, "Come on, you mortar men, rise and shine," the Jap snipers are often shaken out of their nests in the palm trees, so the story goes. Lou's boys scramble out to roll-call when they hear this call, and the two to arrive last, even if they are well on time, get "yard-bird" duty.

Sergeant Diamond is a crack baseball player and coach as well. He is said to have been a deadly pitcher at Quantico when he was fifty — some years ago. How he got into active service in this war is one of those secrets that make the United States Marine Corps different from other units. The story goes that when the officers thought of leaving him behind, the leather-lunged old sergeant kept demonstrating he could give orders louder than all the other sergeants put together, and the officers were scared to suggest that he be kept at home. Say the boys: "Loud hollering scares the Japs. They think it's an earthquake." One thing Sergeant Diamond has proved, and keeps on proving — a good old 'un is as good as a good young 'un, especially with forty years in the Marines under his belt.

The Marines are rightly proud of men like that. Sergeant Diamond's aim with a mortar is something to behold if you are on the right side, and something terrible if you are on the receiving end, as the Japs who survived it must know.

Every American knows the Marine Hymn, "From the Halls of Montezuma," but not even the Marines themselves know exactly where it came from. It just "came and stayed." Historians have tried to trace its author and the date it was written, but, like the term "devil-dog," no one quite knows its origin.

Some authorities say the Marine Hymn was written by a marine private on duty in Mexico in 1852 when the Marines took Mexico City with the castle of Chapultepec, which became poetically known as "The Halls of Montezuma." Forty years before that, in 1805, Lieutenant P. N. O'Bannon with a small force of Marines captured Derna in Tripoli and thus justified the words "to the shores of Tripoli." Another historian searching out the origin of the song discovered that the tune was featured in an opera, "Geneviève de Brabant," very popular in Paris in 1878. Investigation of the source of this air revealed that it in turn came from a Spanish folk-song. Strangely enough, in the opera that ran for many years, the song was sung by two comedy gendarmes, or French military police.

There are many versions of the hymn. Every action in which the Marines take part gives an excuse for someone to add a few stanzas to commemorate the occasion. After being stationed at Camp Meyer, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, someone wrote the following two verses:

From the Pest Hole of Cavite,
to the Ditch of Panama,
You will find them very needy
of Marines — that's what we are;
We're the watchdogs of a pile of coal,
or we dig a magazine,
Though he lends a hand at every job,
Who would not be a Marine?

From the School of Application
to the shores of Subic Bay,
We've avoided exertation
in the most ingenious way;
Admiration of our mattresses,
It is the finest thing we've seen,
For it answers to the question,
Why the hell is a Marine?

These verses were soon out of date, however, and so were dropped when the "pest hole" of Cavite was eliminated, the Panama "ditch" was finished, and the piles of coal used by the Navy were superseded by oil.

The expeditions to Iceland and Wake were soon to be versed unofficially with the following:

Again in nineteen-forty-one
We sailed a north'ard course,
And found beneath the Midnight Sun
The Viking and the Norse.
The Iceland girls were slim and fair,
And fair the Iceland scenes,

And the Army found, in landing there, The United States Marines.

When the Midgets struck on the seventh morn
In December of forty-one,
The Marines of Wake and Midway Isles
Grabbed aeroplane and gun.
For attacking Japs they sounded taps
As they perished one by one,
And the Leathernecks know just what to do
To set the Rising Sun.

The authorized version of the Marines' Hymn is:

From the Halls of Montezuma To the shores of Tripoli; We fight our country's battles On the land as on the sea;

First to fight for right and freedom And to keep our honor clean; We are proud to claim the title Of United States Marine.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun;
We have fought in ev'ry clime and place
Where we could take a gun;
In the snow of far-off Northern lands

And in sunny tropic scenes; You will find us always on the job — The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve;
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes;
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines.

The Marines love their song as much as they love everything else about their Corps, their uniform, their reputation for toughness and swagger, and their being neither soldiers nor sailors, but both. This is how one veteran put it: "When you're sweaty and pooped, and your dogs are battered, and you're covered with mud made up of dust and sweat; when the old pack weighs a ton and your cartridge belt seems filled with fifteen-inch shells instead of thirty-caliber ball; when you're too tired to curse and you want to fall in your tracks and sleep and sleep and sleep; when you're like that, brother — and the band 'way up ahead strikes up the old Hymn with a rumbledy-bump of drums and a flourish of trumpets — you feel O.K. The old Hymn is the spirit of the Marines. Whenever you hear it, you just aren't tired any more. You know what I mean!"

2

MAKING MARINES

What is the real quality that makes a marine just a little different from the other fighting men of the world? Is it that, in addition to his training as a land soldier, there is bred into his blood the salty, deep-water hardiness of the sailor? The answer is probably that he is turned out by the most up-to-date methods available, with equal attention paid to the indoctrination of the fighting spirit of the Corps and to physical and military training. It has always been hard to get into the United States Marine Corps because the recruiting officers have accepted only the fittest of the fit.

Today the average age of the Marine recruit is about twenty-one. The first thing impressed on the recruit is that he has to make himself into the best-trained soldier in the world. Nothing worth while is achieved without difficulty. The boot realizes how tough is the business of making a marine after the first few hours at one of the big Marine bases at Parris Island, South Carolina, or San Diego, California. For seven crowded weeks he gets a grounding — and a very thorough grounding — in the fundamentals of becoming a marine.

His first night in camp is generally unpleasant because it is so vastly different from civilian life. Although an Army recruit misses the comforts of civilian life, a Marine boot probably does so twice as much. From the moment he meets his new boss, the drill instructor, until he leaves for a new training school, he is being knocked into the shape that makes the world's best fighting men. He is told, in salty, hard-man terms, interspersed with leatherneck humor, that he will have a tough time. Usually he likes this because the challenge puts him on his mettle.

His first hardship is that he must get up an hour before the sun and sweep the swab out of his "hut" and make his bed with exact hospital corners. Then he falls in outside with rifle belt and bayonet for drill. The average man's conception of drill is that it is walking. It may be fast walking, but nothing more. At Parris Island, where the summer temperature is 110° in the sun, marching means plowing your feet through sand, which is twice as hard. This is combined with close-order drill and first-aid instruction.

The Marine boot drills on an average of from four to six hours a day. He soon acquires new muscles and an enormous appetite. In a few weeks he finds that his legs begin to harden and the roll of fat that civilian life had put around his middle disappears. He marches everywhere, in formation, to meals, classes, and swimming pool.

There is not much time to think of anything else except learning to be a marine. Apart from being able to send letters home, if he is not too tired to write, he has very little contact with the outside world.

He soon makes a welcome discovery. The old leather-lunged sergeant, of whom he may have heard such a lot and who may have been in evidence during his first few days, does not drill him nor superintend his life. His conditioning is undertaken by a hard-muscled, bronzed young man little more than his own age. These men have been specially chosen as instructors because of their efficiency and their ability to teach others. They have been

through the hardest training school the hard way, but they know the boot's viewpoint because their own training is not so very far behind. This helps a lot. They live with the men, mix with them in their brief recreational time, and usually manage to pass on to the boys they are teaching some of their own enthusiasm for the mass production of marines.

Marine discipline has always been strict. In the old days, punishment consisted of flogging and attachment of a ball and chain to delinquents, but today it consists of confinement in "the brig" on bread and water — hard on a boy who gets hungry from all the energy he puts into his training. It is said to be good for the spirit, however, and the men take it the right way. It is all part of the life for which they volunteered.

The young marine quickly learns pride in his personal appearance. He learns never to put his hands in his pockets, to stand at attention when addressing non-commissioned officers as well as officers, and that it pays to be smart and alert. No boot is in camp long before his drill instructor gives him the low-down on personal cleanliness and appearance. The busiest man in any boot camp is the barber, because marines wear their hair shorter than the men in any other branch of the service. Marine Corps sergeants are particularly alert for any form of carelessness "outside" or "inside." They are entrusted with the daily inspection of feet, hands, and teeth. If a marine doesn't shave for morning parade, he gets a dry shave, given goodhumoredly, but painful all the same.

The Marine Corps feels that pride in appearance and fighting ability are so closely linked together that the man who keeps himself spick and span at all times is a better man in a scrap.

A time-honored tradition of the Corps is that each man

shall do his own laundry in cold water. The "skivvies" (underclothing) have to be white enough to pass the sergeant's eagle eye. "Top" does his own too — and the shirts have to be ironed and starched. Every boot is allowed a certain time each day for his laundry, and if his shirts are not turned out spick and span, he is in for trouble.

"When they put us in front of laundry tubs," recalled a young Guadalcanal veteran, "I was green enough to say I didn't know how to do it. I'd never washed a shirt in my life and I wasn't going to. The sergeant overheard me. 'I'll give you 'one minute to learn, and half of that is gone,' he said. 'You don't pull freshly starched shirts out of a drawer in this outfit, and there aren't any Chinese laundries where we go.' I soon learned with a scrub brush, soap, and a pail. After I learned to wash with cold water in a washing tub, I graduated to doing it in the water while we were swimming. The idea was to get us accustomed to life in tropical climates. The stuff has to be white, too. The sergeant sees to that. Sometimes with cold water you can scrub and scrub and the stains are still in there. We soon get kind of washday proud and put the bleaching stuff the laundries use in the water. You have to be careful with it, though. If you use too much, it eats bigger holes than moths. What the sergeants say when they find out, and what you say when you have to replace it out of your pay, is just too much!

"Even our khaki has to be starched and ironed in regulation style. From what the officers say, you'd think they'd been brought up in a laundry, too. Oh, boy, after an hour of ironing my first shirt that never looked anything more than a wrinkled prune, I knew just what a mother's love meant to me. Mother turned out my shirts beautiful, but I bet 'Top' wouldn't think so."

Although the Marine dress uniforms of blue, scarlet,

and gold have been put away for the duration, there is no let-down in the standard of appearance of the modern marine. Since its formation, the uniform of the United States Marine Corps has undergone many changes. Marines in the American Revolutionary War wore green coats with a turn-back skirt faced with white, and white breeches edged with green. The enlisted men wore green shirts, green coats with red facings, and breeches of light-colored cloth. John Paul Jones dressed his marines in red coats with the rest of the uniform white.

The uniform of today is distinctive and easily recognizable. In addition to his blues, which some of the men still wear for walking out, the marine is dressed in a serviceable wool uniform of forestry green that is neatly tailored. No misfits are allowed to leave the base, and the men themselves are quick to insist on the extra trim fit that adds to their "dogginess."

After he has learned to march, to hold himself straight, and execute orders at the double, the young marine is taught extended-order drill. This shows him how to enter enemy territory either as a scout or an advance party. He begins to learn to be quick and clever and not to bunch up with other marines, lest two men be killed by a shell or a bullet that might have hit only one.

At this stage of the game, he probably realizes that the way the Marines do things is slightly different from what he imagined, but even now, his civilian life may still cling to him. Perhaps he has the city dweller's dislike for dirt from the ground. But he soon learns that when his sergeant pats his hands in the direction of the ground, it is best to get down and get down fast, even if his nose sticks in the sand. If he doesn't like the idea immediately, his sergeant explains to him that hugging the deck may save his life some day. If he doesn't do it next time, someone does it for him.

The Marines have a reputation for marksmanship. Every boot must learn to shoot, and to shoot better than the other fellow. A rifle is not just a thing to be carried. It becomes part and parcel of the marine's career unless, of course, he earns a commission as many of them do. He has to live with it, sleep with it, and keep it clean and oiled, and he has to learn how to use it.

The Marine Corps today stands as the best rifle-shooting outfit in the world and is at pains always to maintain this supremacy. It has won more shooting trophies than any other branch of service. In thirty-one national rifle matches, the Corps has won fifteen and has never lost a title when its top shooters have been available.

The first thing that the Marine recruit learns is that the best marines are the best marksmen and that the rifle-shooting marines under Captain Paul Jones helped the *Bon Homme Richard* to win the victory over the British off the Scottish coast in 1779.

The Germans paid many compliments to the Marine marksmanship in France in 1918. A German intelligence officer wrote: "The high percentage of men decorated as marksmen, sharpshooters, and expert riflemen allows the conclusion to be drawn as to the quality of Marine training. The prisoners are members of a better class, and they consider membership in the Marine Corps as an honor. They proudly resented any attempts to place their regiments on a par with the other American infantry regiments. They call themselves soldiers of the sea and every one of them is well-informed as far as the history of the Corps from the period of the American Revolutionary War. Their training in marksmanship is remarkable. Once they broke through our left flank and settled down behind the rocks. Their rifle fire broke up every counter-attack."

When a Marine recruit is told this story, you can well

understand that his enthusiasm for becoming a good shot grows apace. His first week of rifle training consists of snapping an empty rifle at small targets on the school range. Not as easy as it sounds, because first of all he has to get his body set in unaccustomed positions from which he can shoot accurately. Although his physique is toughening, he probably has more aches from that first week of shooting training than any other. The second week is just as hard. It is interspersed with infantry drilling, physical drill, and route marching.

At the end of the second week, he starts real rifle practice. Even if he has had a gun in his hands before, he has to get used to the habits of the modern rifle. He has to learn how to hold it properly and get used to its kick. Rifle practice continues until he has convinced his sergeant and himself that he can shoot accurately almost without thinking. If he doesn't acquire this, then he is no good as a marine. The astonishing part of this Marine training is that less than two and a half per cent of the recruits fail to make the grade through physical or temperamental short-comings.

While Marine training puts the greatest stress on the rifle, it does not exclude smaller weapons. A marine learns how to use automatic pistols and other automatic weapons with equal efficiency. He is also taught to know his weapons, so that he is able to take them apart, clean them, and keep them in good order.

In his first actual firing course, he has to shoot at a twenty-inch bull's-eye from two hundred to five hundred yards. This shooting is done from all positions, and before he is allowed to fire he has to go through days of practice in getting himself comfortable in these positions.

After his training period on this range, he must fire for record. He is allowed a total score of 250 points. If he

makes 226 or more, he gets an expert rating. From 216 to 225 he is regarded as a sharpshooter. If he is below 196, he fails and must continue training until he is ready to pass. This is a bitter blow, especially if most of his classmates are qualified.

Master marksman of the Marines at Parris Island is Captain Morris Fisher, a fifty-year-old veteran Marine gunner who retired from the Marines in 1935 after twenty-two years' service and has returned as an instructor. Fisher is a typical marine. He looks lean and tough and he has been teaching marines to shoot since before the last war. He can hit a four-inch bull's-eye at a thousand yards and he has won more than three hundred medals for marks-manship.

Fisher is valuable to the Marines and deadly to the Japs because he is one of the few skilled artists who can teach others his secrets. Every marine who has been through Fisher's hands is enthusiastic about what he has learned. Marines say that most of the Parris Island recruits become crack shots under Fisher's teaching. Said a Marine sergeant: "Fisher's instruction was the toughest thing that ever hit us. For days we used to spend hours flopping to the ground, and not firing a shot. The old man used to tell us that we weren't worth anything unless we could hit the ground good and hard and fire without losing our sense of accuracy. Oh, boy! We all used to go to bed so tired and so bruised that we could hardly stand up. Fisher doesn't want anybody but the tops! He'll pick on you without mercy if you're not shooting right, but you still like him for it."

After three weeks' basic training, the young leatherneck is becoming really tough and then he begins to learn to play rough. Bayonet drill given him by young instructors, some of them back from the battlefields, and all especially

chosen for their ability, gives him everything there is to know about using the "skewer," as the leathernecks call their bayonets. He learns how to use the butt of a rifle to crack a head or a jaw and how to make short and long thrusts and jabs.

Hand-to-hand fighting is no game of "drop-the-hanky." It never has been in any army, but the tactics of the United States Marines are the last word in "back-alley fighting."

A Marine instructor put it this way: "When a marine comes face to face with a Jap or a German on a battlefield, only one man walks away. Anything goes. You've got to learn to gouge eyes, split eardrums, and break a man's neck. Call it dirty fighting if you like, but you are fighting a dirty enemy. The boys have to get that in their mind and they do."

Marines are taught Japanese judo and jiu-jitsu, blended into a combination of infighting methods all their own, especially adapted to jungle fighting and bush warfare.

The leading expert on infighting is Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, whose teaching methods are vivid and unconventional. Colonel Biddle is only sixty-seven years old. He has a favorite habit of walking along the ranks and eyeing the tough-looking, sunburned youngsters. He will stop beside one of them and point his rifle and bayonet at him. "All right, now," he will shout, "come out and kill me."

Usually the boy doesn't move. It just doesn't seem possible that a senior officer should invite such action.

The Colonel barks at another: "You come, then. Come on, will you! I want you to cut my throat."

This boot may then make a half-hearted bayonet thrust. "You're yellow!" cries the Colonel, prancing up and down. "I want a man who's not afraid to kill."

He turns away from the unfortunate man who was so

half-hearted and who is probably blushing to the roots of his hair, and takes on another youngster, a sergeant, perhaps, who looks particularly tough.

"Now you come running at me with your bayonet," he cries. "Go for my throat, man — quick." The sergeant goes on. He has been a marine long enough to know that when an officer like Colonel Biddle orders him to do something, he means it. If there is an accident, it is just too bad for either of them.

What usually happens is that Colonel Biddle, who knows more about bayonets, knives, and jiu-jitsu than any other man in the world, has knocked the attacker's bayonet away and has got him down on the ground with his own bayonet at his throat before the youngster realizes what has happened.

One or two demonstrations like this and Colonel Biddle invites everybody to have a try. Then the fun begins. It is rough stuff, and a mistake means a split face or an ear, perhaps something worse. But it is all part of the Marine training.

A nine-pound rifle, with a foot-long, razor-sharp knife on one end and a heavy butt on the other, is not exactly a plaything, and so the young marine finds that it pays to use it accurately to attack and to defend himself. His early bayonet courses have been with gunny-sack dummies which he learns to attack, yelling, growling, and snarling to give realism to the affair. When he knows just how to put his "pig-sticker" in a gunny sack, he has to go through the toughest work of all — mock combat with his buddies.

This is something to watch. Seeing these young marines fighting each other with lethal weapons, you wonder how any of them can come out of the struggle without serious damage. There are black eyes, bruises, grazes, and aching muscles, but little else.

These mock combats teach the boot to get his bayonet between the enemy's ribs so that the blade won't stick when he wants to pull it out. If it does stick, he is told there is only one way to get it out — that is, to pull the trigger. He learns to knock a man down by clubbing him in the chest with a rifle, and he practices on his pal, who does the same thing to him.

There are fine points of bayonet fighting, which the boys learn as they graduate. A marine knows that he should never let his bayonet go into an opponent's body for more than three inches. He is warned never to let the blade get tangled in the opponent's clothing or equipment. To skewer a Jap or a German properly, he has to be somewhat of an anatomist.

When he has gone through his first bayonet course, he is only at the high-school stage of his education. Bowie-knife fighting comes next. The bowie knife was invented by Colonel James Bowie, the renowned Indian fighter, and has always been a feature of Marine fighting. In their history the Marines have often been called to fight against the dagger, machete, or bolo knife. They soon found they could not match the skill of their enemy with their own weapons, so they developed the "hand cut." This means that the Marines practice the gentle art of cutting off the opponent's weapon hand instead of stabbing at the body. It is very effective, as the Japs on Guadalcanal have found out.

Every man is taught to fight with his bare hands with the idea that when he goes into action it is a fight to the last. The Marines have adopted the Japanese bonebreaking art of close-in fighting. They know they have an advantage over the Jap. The more powerful physique of the American boys when they get to close quarters with the Nipponese leaves no question as to who will be the winner.

One of the outstanding jiu-jitsu instructors is a thirtytwo-year-old Hawaiian, Frank Sousa. Sousa is said to know all there is to know about jiu-jitsu, which combines wrestling tricks with all the rough-house tactics ever employed in combat. Sousa teaches fifty fundamental movements, but he says that there are more than twenty-seven hundred holds, breaks, throws, and defenses. Sousa himself was taught judo, a modified version of jiu-jitsu, by a Japanese professor. The English of judo is "the gentle art," and it is practiced by educated Japanese as a sport. Sousa tells his recruits that he got his knowledge of the real thing from Japanese champions, one of them over eighty-five years old and capable of giving the average man a real rough-house. Jiu-jitsu is a closely guarded Japanese secret, and there are few outsiders who know how to make it work effectively. By using jiu-jitsu, it is possible to kill a man in five different ways without leaving so much as a trace of the assault. In Japan, the actual methods of killing are given only to accomplished pupils of high moral character. A man progresses through his instruction very much as a scholar might go through a course of higher education.

Sousa was a timekeeper at the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard when he heard that some of the Marines were taking up jiu-jitsu informally. He immediately went to the Marine Headquarters Office and volunteered as an instructor. "Show us what you can do," said the officer. Sousa asked them to produce the biggest and toughest man they could find. They produced a six-foot two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder, and little Sousa immediately threw him on his back. He soon had a class of leathernecks eager to learn the secrets of his art and he began an informal instruction class. So efficient and useful were his methods that the United States Marine Corps shortly afterward hired him as

a full-time civilian instructor. Said Sousa, in opening up his first class, "We are not bothering to use parlor tricks. We are going to fight, and fight to win. I am going to teach you how to fight dirty, but if you pay attention to me, you will come out on top."

Sousa's chief is Lieutenant Richard Guard, who, besides being an expert at jiu-jitsu, is an instructor in the Japanese language. Lieutenant Guard, who holds an M.A. degree in Chinese philosophy, spent a year and a half in Tokyo, where he attended the Imperial University. He is probably one of the first Europeans to get into the higher classes of jiu-jitsu. Guard and Sousa teach the Marines that jiu-jitsu relies entirely on split-second timing and constant alertness. It does not involve extraordinary strength, and, more important still, age is no factor. Sousa is exceedingly fond of showing how a small man like himself can upset a big and powerful opponent, provided the opponent has no idea of the principles. In early lessons, he invites his pupils to attack him with a bayonet or a knife, and then proceeds to upset them and render them powerless. Later in the course, he shows his students how fighting barehanded, or armed with a club, knife, or even a small stick, they can kill their adversaries or render them unconscious if prisoners are desired

Broadly speaking, the course given to the Marines has four fundamental principles, which are as follows:

- (1) Balance. The pupil is taught to maintain his own balance, to throw his opponent off balance, and the correct moment to strike a blow with his fist or weapon.
- (2) Deflection of motion. One of the arts of jiu-jitsu is to go with the movement of the opponent, utilizing the opponent's weight to his disadvantage, rather than attempting to struggle against it.
 - (3) Leverage. The students are taught the principles of

leverage of the human body and how to make use of the easiest leverage points.

(4) Anatomy. This is vital. The rough-house boys are instructed in the finer points of human anatomy. Special emphasis is put on nerve centers, vital organs, and muscles, with the purpose of striking in the most vital spots. The actual course is crammed into thirty hours of instruction in fundamentals, but the men are encouraged to put in many hours of practice. Says Lieutenant Guard: "You can't have too much of it. You need hundreds of hours of really hard work before you get to the stage where your jiu-jitsu becomes almost automatic."

During training such tricks as "break the windpipe," and "eyes out," are frequently practiced. The former is achieved by keeping the fingers stiff and jamming them into the enemy's Adam's apple.

The marine is taught never to fight with his fists. Instead, he uses the edge of the hand in a chopping motion. After prolonged practice he is able to break bones almost at will. Instructors are also at great pains to impart to their recruits the correct way of holding, grabbing, frisking, and taking prisoners from the rear.

"These things have to be right the first time," said a marine instructor, discussing his job. "You don't get the chance of a return engagement with a Jap." He smiled reminiscently and with youthful pride, as he looked across at a squad of stalwart boots on whom he had worked. "You know," he went on, "a marine is never defenseless as long as he has both hands and feet. He learns where to kick so that he can put a man out of action. We teach these boys the foulest blows in boxing — the rabbit punch and a particular kind of undercut that will drive the upper

"Some of my boys have come back from Guadalcanal

jawbone into the base of a man's brain.

and told me that the stuff they learned here has saved their lives. Another thing we teach them is to sneak up and strangle a sentry and where to kick a man when he's down. You would be surprised what you can do when you know exactly where to jump on a man on the ground.

"You wouldn't find anything like that in the book of etiquette, but this is a war against a dirty, relentless enemy and we have got to fight them their own way, but do it better. We're all waiting to see what happens when the Marines come up against the Nazis. Wake Island, Bataan, and Corregidor weren't pink-tea parties, and our fellows did pretty well, but somehow they all feel that the Nazis are men of their own size, so there'll be some fun."

With all this strenuous training, Marines naturally feed well. "Chow" is as much a tradition as sharpshooting.

"Some fellow said that an army marches on its stomach," said a Marine cook at Parris Island. "Maybe those Army fellows do, but the Marines fight on their stomachs." The Marines in training and in action are fed with the same care as that lavished on professional athletes. Their menus are designed to give the required number of calories and vitamins necessary for the work they have to do. The amount of food varies scientifically according to climatic conditions, but they never go hungry, because it is known that well-fed men are good fighters.

In the early eighteen-hundreds it cost twenty cents per man per day to feed the Marines. During 1942, Marine headquarters calculated that each men cost fifty-six cents in food alone. How much each man gets for that fifty-six cents is shown by a specimen three meals served out to one hundred men at one of the Marine bases. They ate 27 pounds of apples, 45 pounds of dry cereal, 100 half-pint bottles of milk, 12 dozen eggs, 14 pounds of bacon, 50 pounds of bread, 6 pounds of butter, 1 large can of jam, 9

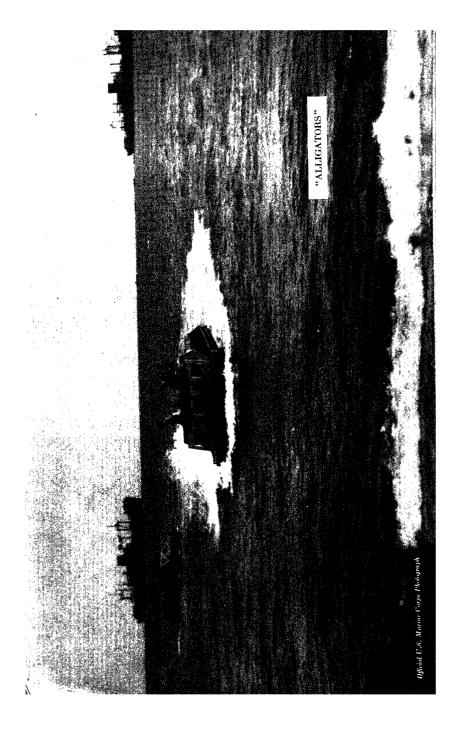
pounds of coffee, 16 pounds of sugar, 20 cans of milk, 50 pounds of turkey, 30 pounds of potatoes, 3 large cans of string beans, 7 pounds each of lettuce, tomatoes, cooked ham, cheese, and onions; 2½ gallons of ice cream, 4 pounds of lunch meats, 11 pounds of Navy beans, 1 large can of stewed tomatoes, 2 large cans of beets, 9 pounds of flour, 1½ pounds of yeast, and 2 pounds of shortening.

When he leaves his basic training as an expert marksman and all-round fighter, a marine is by no means ready for action. Ahead of him are several special schools. At one of these he may study landing operations, gunnery, communications, radio, and ranger, or paratroop work for the next three months.

Landing operations are a Marine specialty and are the subject of special training. The phrase "The Marines have landed," which was flashed by Admiral King from the Pacific in the leathernecks' raid on the Solomons, was no idle phrase. The Marines are beach-head specialists. Their function is to establish footholds on enemy territory which the Army can later hold and extend.

For this, they use rubber boats, landing barges, and amphibian tractors known as "alligators." The "alligator" is equally at home on land and in the sea. It can be navigated from ship to shore through a pounding surf or in dirty weather, and its caterpillar treads enable it to emerge from the water and wade up the beach even through the roughest surf.

These amphibian tractors were born in the swampy tracts of Florida's Everglades, where they were originally used to go out and rescue the fliers whose planes had dropped in the swamps. From the "swamp buggies" grew the full-sized "alligators" which have already distinguished themselves in action. They are capable of a good speed in the water and on land, carrying a number of marines with full equipment.



When these "alligators" are not brought along, or cannot be used, the leathernecks go ashore in collapsible rubber battle boats. These boats take up very little room when they are deflated, rolling up into neat wads. Inflated they look rather like a ring of rubber with a slightly pointed prow, and are so seaworthy that they cannot be capsized. Each can carry a squad of men fully equipped for battle, with light or heavy machine gun and a sixty-millimeter mortar. Fully loaded, the boats draw only a foot of water. They are particularly hard to sink by gunfire, the interior being divided into small compartments, which can be easily repaired. Each boat is provided with rapid-patching equipment.

The Marines using these little craft are trained to operate as a team and particularly to handle their weapons and boats in the dark. Marines are well used to doing things in the dark from their earliest training, because for centuries most of their landings have been made at dawn. The men in the boat, usually towed behind a landing barge or some other craft, lie flat, taking the utmost possible amount of cover. Near at hand they have their automatic rifles, revolvers, grenades, and machine guns. The minute the rubber boat hits the shore, the men jump out, wade through the surf, and form up in battle formation.

Sometimes they have to propel themselves ashore by paddles. They kneel upright on the gunwales with their legs only a few inches above the water and paddle at top speed. If the raid is completely covered by the element of surprise, the men can get ashore before the darkness is broken by the flare of rockets, but if they are discovered, then they must fight from their boats, while heading toward their landing.

Speed of operation is important and highly stressed in Marine training. The Marines have to land whether there

is enemy opposition or not. Once on shore their job is to blast holes in the enemy's positions, while the landing parties of other troops behind them have the time to dig themselves in.

Describing the first Marine landing on Guadalcanal a correspondent wrote: "At 0617 a cruiser's guns boomed and a salvo of shells landed on the Japs. At 0700 came the order to lower boats. They were swung out of their davits and lowered into the water. The ships bearing Marines who were to land in the first wave had already lowered away, and soon the water about the transports was swarming with hundreds of speedy landing boats.... We could hear destroyers pumping high explosives into the beach. The barrage lifted suddenly, the Marines landed, and this tiny South Sea island became the first battlefield in America's first offensive in World War II."

Marine Corps training for amphibious action began during the Spanish-American War, when five rifle companies and a battery of artillery began to practice on the coast of Florida to land artillery, equipment, and men ashore from boats. Later they landed at Guantanamo Bay without a single loss and set a new fashion in warfare.

The most recent branch of the United States Marine Corps is the parachute troops section, known as the Paramarines. Paramarines get a six weeks' training course and are all volunteers — there is always a waiting list — and are chosen for physical and mental ability. A paratrooper has to be between twenty-one and thirty-two. He must weigh between a hundred and thirty-five and a hundred and ninety pounds. He has to be a little more physically perfect than the average marine, with strong bones and joints. His physical test is about as stiff as that given to applicants for flight training. In the first part of his course he is taught how to pack a chute and the theory of landing.

Every day the boys get conditioning exercises to strengthen their legs, back, and abdominal muscles to withstand the shock of landing.

The first jumps are made from huge steel towers two hundred and fifty feet high. From these, using "attached" parachutes, the paramarines learn the first art of using the silken envelopes. Then they are taken aloft and make their first jump from an altitude of one thousand feet. As training progresses, the planes fly at high and low altitudes, the lowest usually being in the neighborhood of three hundred feet above the ground, which demands quick thinking that can only be developed by persistent training.

The Marines are particularly proud of their paratroops because they have trained them on the principle that speed of action is the main essential. So swiftly can the Marines operate from their transport planes that a single plane can drop ten men clear of the plane in five seconds.

Speed is essential to ensure that enough fighting men are brought to the combat area quickly enough to operate together. The men are taught to steer their chutes by pulling the web (or lines). They soon become so expert at this that they not only can avoid landing in water or trees, but practically put their parachutes down where they wish. The Marine Corps parachute troops have not yet been in action. They are waiting for it eagerly, because they feel that even if other armies have used paratroops first, this way of getting there fast is particularly in line with Marine tradition.

"We volunteered for parachute duty because we feel that it is the most direct route for the thick of the fighting," said a Marine Corps sergeant. "We get fifty dollars a month extra pay, but it isn't just for that. Our boys are looking forward to the time when they can drop behind enemy lines to destroy and capture ammunition dumps, rail-

heads, and highway junctions. If the others can do it, the Marines can do it better."

Another important branch of the United States Marine Corps is the communications section. Marine communications school turns out technical experts, many of whom have distinguished themselves in action. Communications requires steady nerves, quick thinking while under fire, and typical Marine resource.

Lieutenant George H. Cannon was in charge of a communication unit when the Jap bombers attacked Guadalcanal. He was mortally wounded by enemy shell fire but when sickbay men arrived to evacuate him, he refused to be taken away, telling them first to remove the men who had been wounded. He then continued to reorganize his post. Before he could be removed, he died from loss of blood. Cannon, grandson of a distinguished marine, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The December 7 bombardment of Midway Harbor was heavy and constant. Corporal Hazelwood, the station switchboard operator, was at his board when a bomb burst near-by. Hazelwood was severely wounded. When he regained consciousness he refused medical attention, and immediately set up his switchboard again, and established communications. Near-by was Corporal Dale Peters, another marine on office work. A bursting projectile blew Peters right through the window of the office where he was working. He fell fourteen feet to the ground below. Peters was fighting mad even if he was dazed and bruised. He picked himself up and joined a squad of leathernecks engaged in removing large aerial bombs from a near-by hangar that had been set on fire. Both Peters and Hazelwood were awarded the Navy Cross.

This calm under stress and danger is in true Marine tradition. When the U.S.S. Maine blew up in Havana

Harbor in 1898, Private William Anthony was captain's orderly. Anthony was on deck as the Marines' bugler finished blowing taps. Suddenly the *Maine* shuddered under the blast of the terrific explosion. Young Anthony fought his way from the safety of the open deck through the darkened gangways to the captain's cabin. There he saluted his officer. "Sir, I have to report that the ship is blown up and is sinking," he said.

Eighteen enlisted marines on the U.S.S. Lexington, lost in the battle of the Coral Sea, demonstrated the worth of Marine discipline and sheer courage. They were in charge of an anti-aircraft gun. Their spot was one of the hottest during the action. An aerial bomb exploded and fired a locker of heavy ammunition near-by, and a torpedo had struck underneath them. Said the Navy citation: "These men extinguished the fire, policed the battery, and readied the only remaining serviceable gun for further defense of the ship. As a result of their action they efficiently assisted in the defense of their ship, the Lexington, by fast, accurate fire under extremely difficult circumstances."

None of them lived to read their citation.

3 MARINES ON WAKE ISLAND

The name of Wake Island will always have a particular and solemn significance for the United States Marines. Not only will the gallantry of the marines on Wake live in the history of the Corps, but this engagement will act as a twofold inspiration to all marines in this war. It has filled each man with a determination to go in and avenge his comrades, and if ever things are looking grim, if ever the Marines are outnumbered, or hard pressed, the memory of the saga of those leathernecks on that little island will transmute itself into a new determination to overcome any odds.

The story of Wake has been written many times and even filmed, but probably the only people who really understand what happened at Wake are the marines themselves.

Engagements such as Wake are part and parcel of the tradition of the Corps. A marine sees nothing unusual in Wake. You cannot get him to measure the gallantry of these officers and men, other than that they were marines. Wake, he will say, was a typical Marine engagement. If there had been more marines, more guns and more planes, the Stars and Stripes would still be flying over the island. All of them hope that when Wake is retaken, the Marines will add the landing of the American forces to their hundred and eighty-one, more or less, landings in various parts of the world. "The day when some 'old man' can send a message from Wake to Washington that 'the Marines have

landed and the situation is well in hand' will be just another star in U.S. Marine history," said a young Irish-American leatherneck captain with whom I discussed the matter. "We'll get there if I know the U.S. Navy Department. We can't all go, but I hope I'm in it."

From him, I heard one theory as to how the United States Marines got their unofficial title "Devil-Dogs." It seems that the German newspaper correspondents reported that the triumphant progress of the Kaiser's army was being held up at Belleau Wood by a section of American "devil-dogs." The German was only half right, because the United States Marines not only held up the mighty German Army, that was then still considering itself invincible, but later they launched their own offensive about which some German writer said, "All hell has broken loose on our gallant soldiers." Thus the United States Marines shared with the Scottish "Black Watch," highlanders whom the Germans called "Ladies from Hell," the rare distinction of being respected enough to be given a nickname. During the battle of Belleau Wood in World War I, the French Army was in full retreat, leaving a handful of marines of the Fourth Brigade in a very difficult and exposed position. The French immediately called on the Americans to retreat with them. Captain Lloyd Williams, the Marine commander, stared at the French officer in surprise. Finally he said quite calmly: "Retreat, hell! We just got here."

The Germans moved up to brush aside the Marine lines, and discovered something that was new to them, and disastrous. The marines were supermarksmen. Instead of aiming at a general aiming point as was the custom in those days, each man aimed at an individual, usually a German officer, who had little chance of escape once the Marine sharpshooter got his bead on him.

The Germans found that an exposed troop movement, even at six hundred yards, was an invitation to suicide. After suffering heavy losses, they dug in and waited for reinforcements. The Marines had other ideas. They went over the top to attack, and began an inch-by-inch advance that resulted in twenty days of the bitterest fighting of the war. One by one they picked off the German machinegun nests, and at the end of those memorable twenty days Belleau Wood had been cleared of the enemy. Captain Lloyd Williams was killed in the attack, but his memory is preserved by the French Government, who changed the name of that little forest to "The Wood of the Marine Brigade," a lasting tribute in a foreign land to the fighting qualities of America's leathernecks.

Wake Island is a little coral prominence that was once the top of a volcano, situated in the ocean two thousand miles west of Pearl Harbor and about seven hundred miles from the Marshall Islands, where the Japs had a strong air and naval base. Wake, with its scrub bushes, sand dunes, and coral reefs, was a desolate spot at the best of times, in spite of the near-by islands of Wilkes and Peale, where Pan-American Airways had its base. Wake was originally a bird sanctuary, and it was not until 1936 that Pan-American Airways made it a landing place for its Clipper service.

The island, with its lack of accommodation, its almost barren soil, and its tropical aspect, was just the place you could expect marines to be, and there they were — a small company of men to defend an outpost of Uncle Sam's possessions. They went to man coastal guns, and to make the island a tiny fortress. They landed as a matter of course, a few officers and men with their food, medical supplies, ammunition, and equipment. The first to land on the island were part of the United States Marine Corps' First Defense Battalion, typical Marine fighters, under the com-

mand of Major James P. S. Devereux. They were later joined by Marine Fighter Squadron 211, of Marine Aircraft Group 21, commanded by Major Paul A. Putnam. There were just three hundred and seventy-eight marines on the island, and some thousand civilian workers who were getting the air base in condition.

On December 7, 1941 (December 8 on Wake, which is west of the international date line), the Marine radio operator at Wake had a message for Major Devereux, the wiry little man in charge of the Marine detachment. The telegram informed him that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. Devereux looked at the overcast sky, and at his watch. As they gave orders for the bugles to sound the call to arms, he must have wondered how long it would be before the island had unwelcome visitors. There was no time to lose. His duty was to see that their welcome should be, in true Marine style, as unpleasant as possible.

Major Devereux was every inch a marine. He was born in Cuba, the son of an army doctor and member of a family that for generations has served in the armed forces. He enlisted as a marine when he was nineteen, won his commission, and fought in Nicaragua. The greater part of his waking hours had been devoted to his career as a Marine officer. As such, he was prepared for the emergency he knew must arrive with any dawn.

Apart from his own men, Major Devereux had a problem. Beside the thousand civilian workers on the island, there was the staff of Pan-American Airways. They all had to be fed and protected. Although they had volunteered to a man, they could not be armed because of international law.

A few minutes before the news of the Japanese attack came, Major Devereux had received word that the Pan-American Clipper had taken off from the lagoon at Peale Island, heading toward Guam. It was back at 7.30 A.M., its skipper, Captain Hamilton, having been warned by radio of the Japanese attack.

Major Devereux went to his office, called his officers together, and gave orders. He was unexcited, slow-spoken as usual, and deliberate in manner. In the short time that remained before the expected attack he aimed at making the most of what defensive works could be erected, and in preparing for action. The attack, the little Major calculated, would come first from the air, and then from the sea. He had only five-inch guns at his disposal. If the Japs had only light cruisers, even they would be equipped with sixinch rifles.

The Major had twelve stubby Grumman planes equipped with fifty-caliber guns and capable of carrying bombs, twelve light anti-aircraft guns, forty-eight machine guns, pistols, and rifles. The enemy might send fifty planes, a dozen ships. Devereux knew this, as he quietly went to work. He sat at the telephone giving his orders, reading reports coming in over the radio, and perfecting his plans.

Air reconnaissance was essential. Marine radio engineers had already installed ground-to-plane radio-telephone apparatus, but the main trouble was that the fighter planes had an exceedingly limited range, and it was essential that as long as possible a warning should be given of the arrival of the enemy.

The only plane with sufficient range for a reconnaissance flight was the big Clipper. It was arranged that before leaving for its destination, carrying as many of the Pan-American personnel as well as its own passengers and crew as it could hold, the big ship should make a reconnaissance flight over an agreed area. Captain Hamilton was walking across to the Pan-American Hotel to collect his crew when from the south came the roar of airplane motors. The Japs

were coming. Just four hours and fifty-eight minutes after the receipt of the warning, twelve Jap bombers flying in V formation came in from the south. From three thousand feet they dropped hundred-pound fragmentation bombs on the airfield and the Pan-American base. Close on their tails came another formation of twelve twin-engined medium bombers.

Flames and débris leaped up from all the vital buildings on Wake. The Marine gunners threw up everything they had, but they had fared badly under the heavy bombardment. The Jap planes droned away, leaving the marines fighting mad, but minus a lot of valuable equipment. Twenty-five men had been killed, seven wounded. Among the latter was Major Putnam, in command of the air group. Worse still, the Fates had declared that the raid should take place when eight of the precious Grumman fighters were being refueled on the ground after returning from a reconnaissance raid. Seven were damaged almost beyond repair; one would be flyable using the spare parts of the others. With that plane and the four in the air, the marines would have five planes against whatever armada the enemy sent.

The dice seemed to be heavily loaded against the leathernecks at Wake; a few minutes later the planes on patrol came in to land. One capsized on colliding with some débris on the airfield, and was damaged. It could be repaired, but not immediately.

The damage done to the shore installations, although not vital, was serious. The Clipper had been hit, but was still in a condition to fly. She had twenty-six bullet holes in her and several shrapnel punctures. Major Devereux made up his mind quickly. He ordered the Clipper to leave for Hawaii carrying the maximum number of people possible. The fewer mouths to feed on the beleaguered island,

the better for his men. The civilians had all volunteered to fight, and Devereux set them to work digging slit trenches. The Clipper took off, flying across the blazing Marine barracks, and arrived safely at Hawaii, two thousand miles away.

Waiting for the next attack, Major Devereux went on with perfecting his plan of campaign. He decided that the Japs would attempt to land on the beach at several points. It was ten miles long and admirable for landing operations. The defense of the beach meant splitting his forces and exposing the men to an unknown quantity of fire power which the Japs might concentrate on the beaches, from battleships, destroyers, and planes.

That the men would have to fight, everyone knew, but when the moment would come was known only to the Japs. Arrangements were made to rush ammunition to the coastal guns, bring hot food to the men in the front-line positions, and evacuate the wounded to the hospital in the rear. To his guns and their crews Devereux paid special attention. When first commissioned, he had been attached to a battery of coastal guns, beside which his little five-inch arms must have seemed like peashooters. Whatever the Major thought he said nothing, except to give his men one instruction. They were to hold their fire until he gave the signal.

It seemed at first that the Japs were going to make the assault of the island purely an aerial one. Their intention was to knock out the aerial defenses, to burn and destroy its buildings, and then take the island at will.

A quarter of an hour before noon on December 9, twentyseven Japanese bombers came roaring over the island in formation. They were met by the best barrage the island's anti-aircraft gunners could put up. One of them tumbled from its formation in flames to burst on the surface of the sea with a terrific explosion. The others poured out several tons of high explosive. Four tons of it landed on the hospital plainly distinguished by the Red Cross flag. Four patients were killed; the building was left a flaming ruin.

All that day while the civilians worked clearing up and digging trenches, the marines waited for the inevitable outlines of ships on the horizon that would mean an invasion force.

The next morning, an hour earlier than the day before, the Jap bombers came again. Again the island belched such a curtain of fire at the twenty-seven planes that they withdrew after dropping their bombs harmlessly in the sea and on the outskirts of the island without damage. Not a single person on the island was killed.

The next day brought the expected. The Marine planes on reconnaissance duty reported by radio that twelve enemy ships were heading toward the island. Even as the pilots sighted the sinister group nosing its way across the ocean, the Japanese propaganda broadcasts were announcing that a task force had landed on and had occupied Wake.

The marines waited, crouched behind their guns. Slowly the little specks over the horizon revealed themselves as a transport, a supply ship, cruisers, and a number of gunboats and destroyers. The destroyers launched a smoke screen when the ships came within range, and the armada sailed boldly into the approaches to the beach. A cruiser with her heavy guns was the first to open fire. Salvo after salvo spouted from the long rifles. The shells screamed noisily across the silent sea, and tore great holes in the sand. The Marine gunners waiting behind their concealed and camouflaged pieces were covered with sand and débris. Overhead, Japanese planes loaded with bombs roared in to attack. They were met by the four remaining Marine planes heading out to sea to tackle the ships.

The story of this aerial battle is related in a later chapter of this book.

In his report the Major wrote: "Our planes made a total of ten attacks. Though greatly overloaded, they behaved well. We claim the sinking of one ship and serious damage to another."

The Jap ships came nearer. The destroyers and gunboats added their spitting guns to the roar of the heavies that were sending their missiles all over the island.

Soon the men began to grumble. They were smelling the powder of enemy shells, some had been wounded by flying splinters, and they had not fired a shot. The tension can only be imagined. They had expected to open fire when the ships were at ten thousand yards. They had waited, but no order came. Surely the old man would give them orders to open at eight thousand. The range crept through six thousand yards to five thousand yards. The destroyers and gunboats must have seemed scarcely a mile away when a big cruiser, its dirty-gray hull silhouetted sharply against the sea and sky, came into the range-finder through a thinning cloud of smoke at four thousand yards.

The Major gave the order to fire. The Marine gunners jubilantly turned every gun they had on that ship. Major Devereux knew that a fusillade of small shells in the right place could do as much damage as a single shell from a heavy, which he lacked. Every minute from the word go, each gun crew sent twelve fifty-pound shells into the Jap cruiser. The little three-inch guns supporting them yapped and snorted as they delivered their blows at the rate of one twelve-pound shell every three seconds, a total weight of two hundred and forty pounds of hot lead every single minute. The cruiser could not stand up to such an onslaught. She burst into flames and smoke and sank. The leathernecks then turned their guns on two destroyers, and

again those little pieces, working on the same principle as the focused guns of a fighter plane, tore great holes in the ships' sides. Two of them sank as the sweating grimy gunners cheered themselves hoarse.

When the clash was over, the sea from three to five miles out from the beach at Wake was littered with wreckage and the dead bodies of Japs floating in the middle of slicks of oil. The cruiser's bow was still visible, the flames licking slowly skyward. The two destroyers had gone down and a gunboat turned turtle and sank. In addition to scoring hits on the ships, the Marine planes had shot down two bombers that had come to blast the resistance of the little island.

The marines had won the first round without the loss of a single life, with a few men scratched by flying débris. Worst loss of all was a fighter plane that had overturned while making a forced landing on a rocky beach. Before the plane crew could get to it, the sea had washed it away.

From Wake Island there began to come those terse reports of a fighting man in action, some of which were revealed to the public at the time. After he had radioed the report of this first encounter to Honolulu, Major Devereux received a routine inquiry as to whether he wanted anything. The tough little Marine commander who wanted more guns, more planes, more ammunition, and who must have known they would not be forthcoming, answered in four words, "SEND US MORE JAPS."

He did not have to wait long. Stung by the terrible onslaught to their sea-borne ambitions, the Nipponese decided to make the fullest use of their air power. Twenty-seven more planes circled the island on December 12. The Jap pilots had a healthy respect for the Marine gunners this time. Not one of them came below twenty-two thousand feet, and they dropped their bombs without damage or casualties.

That day a Marine flier, Second Lieutenant Donald Kliver, sighted a Japanese submarine prowling ten miles to the south. He made a dive attack on it with his fifty-caliber machine guns and dropped two hundred-pound bombs as he came out of the dive. The submarine blew up and sank.

December 13 was a quiet day. There were no Japs. The marines set to work to clear débris, repair planes, and improve their defense positions. The big attack might come at any minute. Major Putnam reported thus:

"Personnel are living in dugouts made by the contractor's men with civilian equipment. Not comfortable, but adequate against all but direct bomb hits. Feeding is from the contractor's galley, a truck making the rounds with hot food twice daily. Sanitation is only fair, but so far have had only a mild flurry of diarrhea. Fresh water is adequate for drinking, but salt water is used for all other purposes."

On the 14th, thirty-two enemy planes concentrated on the remnants of the airfield. The bombs destroyed one of the Marine planes on the ground and the Jap machine-gunners shot down another, in return for the loss of one of their twin-motored bombers. On the 15th, thirty-one bombers attacked without doing much damage and twenty-eight returned.

Major Putnam must have known then how grave was the situation. The enemy was taking his time, and making the best use of his reconnaissance photographs. When he had knocked out the remaining fighter craft, he would concentrate on the field guns and then come in low to machinegun the personnel.

On the 15th, forty-one bombers concentrated on the guns and headquarters, and two days later, thirty-one bombers flew in low to finish the job.

The following day a single reconnaissance plane arrived

to take pictures. What it showed the Japs will never be known. Major Devereux in the middle of his other duties was writing a report on the achievement of the Marine ground crews, who were busily scratching plane parts together to make the remaining planes serviceable. One plane that took the air was made completely out of parts of others that had been damaged.

"Since the first raid," he wrote, "parts and assemblies have been traded back and forth so that no airplane can be identified. Engines have been traded from plane to plane, have been junked, stripped, rebuilt, and all but created."

The Major knew that the island could not hold out much longer. Five days before Christmas a Navy flying boat landed on the placid waters of the lagoon. It flew back with Major Bayler, the Marine air officer who had been building the airfield at Wake from which the Grummans had been operating. With him Bayler took the casualty list up to December 20, the Major's report on the air action, and some letters, one of them from Devereux to his wife. One of the Navy officers on Wake wrote thus to his wife: "Too much praise cannot be given to the Marines. Heroes are being made every hour here."

The Navy plane flew away, and the marines on Wake, having seen their mail go, stood to their guns. They had two planes left, although one could hardly stagger in the sky. The ground crew, however, were hopeful of getting another into action. Early in the morning, sixty Jap planes came in to attack and were engaged by the two Marine fliers. One was shot down with the pilot seriously wounded; the other did not come back. It was last seen flying into a formation of Japanese bombers.

In his report to the Navy, Major Putnam said: "All hands have behaved splendidly and held up in a manner of which the Marine Corps may well be proud. I have no re-

port to make regarding any officer or man being outstanding in bravery or fortitude. They have all acquitted themselves with equal distinction."

Casualties were mounting, however. Major Devereux's report stated that of the original aviation force of twelve officers and forty-nine enlisted men, eight officers and nineteen enlisted men were still on duty on December 20. Of these, four enlisted men and two officers were wounded, but working. One officer and six enlisted men were in hospital and "doing nicely."

On December 23, the Japanese came back in force. How many ships and how many planes there were, will not be known until after the war. They laid down a heavy barrage and finally effected a landing on the beach. One can visualize the last hours of the garrison with the marines fighting hand to hand and pouring lead into the "ringtails," as they were calling the Japs. There were no Marine planes left, just a few five-inch guns, machine guns, rifles, and bayonets. The garrison must have repelled several attacks, and fought to the last ditch. Quite late in the day, Major Devereux sent his last published message to Honolulu. It merely reported the landing and added, "The issue is in doubt." On Christmas Eve, the Navy announced that all communication with Wake was severed.

Tokyo radio claimed the capture of America's "Pacific stronghold" by declaring that it had captured three thousand officers and men. The Japs gave these figures deliberately to "save face." They would never dare to admit to the world that a mere handful of marines had held off a major invasion attempt for fourteen days.

Major Devereux and his remaining men are now prisoners of Japan.

In January, 1943, President Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief, cited Marine First Defense Battalion Aircraft Group 21 for their epic struggle against the enemies at Wake Island with these words:

"The courageous conduct of the officers and the men of these units, who defended Wake Island against an over-whelming superiority of enemy air, sea, and land attacks from December 8 to 22, 1941, has been noted with admiration by their fellow countrymen and the civilized world, and will not be forgotten so long as gallantry and heroism are respected and honored.

"These units are commended for their devotion to duty and splendid conduct at their battle stations under most adverse conditions. With limited defensive means against attacks in great force, they manned their shore installations and flew their aircraft so well that five enemy warships were either sunk or severely damaged, many hostile planes shot down, and an unknown number of land troops destroyed."

The Japanese might well have remembered their first contact with the United States Marine Corps in 1853. The Marines landed on Japanese soil when Commander Perry dropped anchor in Tokyo Bay on the morning of July 8. They found themselves in the middle of the "protection" of five thousand Japanese. It is said that their uniformed discipline and drill so impressed the Japanese that the party was a considerable success from the American point of view. Since then, the Marines have met with the Japanese several times. In 1863, Prince Nagato, who hated all foreigners, especially Americans, began a war to drive them from Japan. With six forts and three men-of-war to command, the Japanese began to blockade the straits of Shimonoseki.

Commander David MacDougal sent his ship, the U.S.S. Wyoming, into the straits. In the one-hour battle that followed, the Marine gunners wrecked the Prince's fleet and

put the shore batteries out of action. One shell burst the boiler of a battleship and another did the same thing to a supply vessel. A third sank a Japanese brig.

The last time the Marines visited Yokohama was on a mission of mercy in 1923, when Japan was shaken by a destructive earthquake. The Marines landed and undertook rescue work. The Japanese newspapers then described them as "ambassadors of good will."

The next time the Marines land on the Japanese mainland they will be on a graver mission — *Tokyo*-bound, they hope.

Three marines in particular have a score to settle with the Japanese for Wake, where one of their buddies was lost. In Washington in the spring of 1942 they were having their last drink together before "shoving off" overseas. They broke a drinking straw into three parts. Each took a solemn oath that they would put that straw together in Tokyo or die getting there. One of them was killed in the Solomons. His portion of the straw was sent to the others at his special request. They passed it on to another marine, who took the same pledge.

4 RAIDER BATTALIONS

The pride of the United States Marine Corps are the Raider Battalions, the toughest, most mobile, and "fightingest" men of the Corps. Like all amphibian troops, these Raiders are trained to land on enemy territory under difficult conditions and drive a spearhead into the enemy defenses by day or night. They are the "rough-house" boys of the Corps. Every man is a specialist in his job.

It takes three months to make a Raider, after he has finished his early Marine training. He is chosen for his physical fitness as well as for his above-average intelligence. When trained, he is an important factor in amphibious warfare, his job being equivalent to that of the paratrooper in land operations.

Once on land, their task only begins. They may have to go into action immediately and face a blistering attack, or they may have to find their way across unfamiliar territory in pitch darkness. The enemy may have retreated to the interior, relying on the density of the jungle and intricate defense systems to delay the advance of the invaders.

These Marine Raiders are really fighting scouts. Heavily armed, they carry more weapons than other Marine regiments and they are assigned special missions. Sometimes they travel in specially designed transport vessels, which have the speed and maneuverability of destroyers; sometimes they approach as near as possible to their ob-

jective in rubber boats, then take to the water, swimming with darkened faces and knives between their teeth.

In surprise landings, such as that carried out on Jap-held Makin Island, their objective is to destroy enemy air and naval bases, communication centers, ammunition centers, and defense installations. They are also specially trained to bring back information as to the disposition of enemy troops and supplies, and make maps of the general layout of the countryside. Each Raider is a specialist with a specialist's job, and in such a raid one of the most important tasks is to capture prisoners so quietly that they can be taken away without their comrades being alarmed. On Makin, the "green" Marine Raiders accomplished this against the wiliest of all enemies — the Jap, himself a master of stealth and cunning.

Raider attacks are often made to create a diversion, but the Battalions are also used to function as the spearhead of a full-size invasion. Their job calls for superb physical fitness, cold courage, and fighting spirit. The men are hand picked from a flood of volunteers, and after completing their normal Marine training they get special schooling in close-range fighting and a physical-training course which can be undertaken only by the fittest.

The training course is tough and prolonged, but it builds fighting men with fine physique and minds that are quick on the trigger. This kind of work is only an accessory to the other training which the Raiders must undergo before being knitted into a compact fighting unit. As amphibious soldiers they have to learn how to operate with rubber boats. Each Raider Battalion has its quota of snipers, armorers, chemical warfare experts, communication and demolition experts.

The demolition expert learns how to use dynamite for the destruction of bridges, powerhouses, and fortifications. His job is a dangerous one. In the words of a military man, "he is highly expendable" and he knows it. He may be left behind after a strategic evacuation with instructions to destroy a bridge in the face of the enemy. He has to know how to use his explosive charge on the most suitable section of the bridge structure, how to explode it from a safe distance, and be prepared to make a last-ditch stand if the circumstances demand it. Like other marines, he works with his rifle in his hand, and any enemy within five hundred yards is an easy target for him.

A special feature of the Raider training is learning to live and fight under the most difficult circumstances man can be called upon to face. The Raiders have to learn to "navigate" their way across country by the stars as well as by compass, and to "live" on the country they are invading. They learn wood-lore, how to catch game without making a noise, and how to conceal themselves in trees and foliage should the enemy be on guard.

One of the tests given to the Raiders before going into action is to "land" on unfamiliar territory in complete darkness and arrive at a rendezvous twenty miles away without being discovered by watching scouts. The rendezvous is nothing but a speck on a map to the men before they set out, but they must make it, or fail in their test.

Another exercise is a twenty-mile march with pack, at a minimum speed of seven miles an hour, which is not easy. The Raiders accomplish this by half-running and half-walking, with no time out for rests. Sometimes the test march may be routed across a river or stream. The men have to get across either by swimming or wading and they must keep their arms dry. No extra time is given for crossing the water. War does not allow that. If the Raiders are ordered to be at a certain spot at a certain time, they have to be there, water or no water, and their arms

have to be in shooting condition, otherwise they are wasting their time.

Swimming features in all Raider training for a very special purpose. While normal Marine landing parties may go ashore in rubber boats and alligators, the Raiders often have to take to the water. A swimmer can get to a closely guarded shore, where a boat would be discovered. The Raiders learn to swim with their full equipment, and when they touch land, they have to be ready to fight, wet or dry. Wearing camouflaged uniforms, with blackened faces, they learn to swim noiselessly across rivers or up inland creeks, and then quickly hide themselves in the nearest foliage they can find on the shore.

The Raiders have lighter equipment than Marine line fighters. It includes a lighter pack and rubber-soled shoes to enable the men to march noiselessly along roads, or creep through the jungles in which they are trained to fight.

The average Marine Raider Battalion is undoubtedly the best-equipped unit in the Marines. The men are given large numbers of automatic rifles and sub-machine guns as well as the semi-automatic Garand rifle and pistols. Every man is taught to shoot from the hip with whatever weapon he carries. He must be prepared to open fire from any impromptu position in which he might find himself during an attack.

Like the British Commando, he carries a long knife, highly important for silencing enemy outposts. This knife is the Marine Raider's security weapon. He is taught to use it in a hundred different ways. Besides its obvious use as a dagger for dealing swiftly and silently with enemy sentries, the Raider learns to throw it accurately and with enough force at close range to kill or disable the enemy.

At one Marine station, the instructor is a Filipino who

used to earn his living in vaudeville. This man can throw a heavy knife so accurately that he can trace a pattern on the target. He has a habit of inviting the recruits to stand against a wooden blackboard just as does the girl assistant of such artists on the stage, and then he proceeds to place the knives with devastating proximity to the living target. After he has shown his class how it is done, and the men have got the hang of the game, there are plenty of competitions after hours.

That their training stands the boys in good stead is shown by a report from the Solomons, in which a marine flung his knife and killed a Jap who was preparing to open fire with a machine gun from twenty-five yards. So elated was the young man at his success that he sent his instructor the cap of the dead Japanese as a souvenir.

One of the most famous of the Marine Raider Battalions in the Solomons was "Carlson's Raiders." These men, led by Lieutenant Colonel Evans Carlson with Major James Roosevelt as second in command, earned for themselves an enviable record as experts in death, demolition, and destruction. They are known in the Marine Corps for their singing as well as their fighting. After chow, they indulge in their own battle hymn, just as did the Marines in World War I, who used to sing, "We'll Hang the Kaiser on a Sour-Apple Tree."

The battle song of the detachment of Carlson's Raiders that took part in the Makin raid is sung to the tune of "Ivan Skavinsky Skavar," and the words of the song are as follows:

In the memory of man there were those who were brave And fought like the heroes of old, But none of the fame who carry the name Of Carlson's Raiders so bold. They were gathered from near and were gathered from far, They were picked from the best in the land. A hell-raising crew that sailed the blue Was Carlson's Raider Band.

They carry machine guns like pistols, they say, And a knife that was tempered in hell, And the Raiders all claim no mortal by name Could use them one quarter so well.

They whisper of Raiders who gamble with death And fought like the demons of old, And those who were there are willing to swear By Carlson's Raiders so bold.

They will sing of the sailor and soldier I know And tell of the deeds that were done, But Carlson's Raiders will sing for themselves And tell how the battle was won.

So here's to the Raider who stands by his flag, Who offers his life for his land, Who marches to fame with pride in the name Of Carlson's Raider Band.

Forty-six-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Carlson is particularly suited to lead a band of guerrilla fighters. When appointed to his command, he set out to make an ace raiding battalion in a corps of Raiders which is a Marine speciality. He called for the fittest and best men he could find, and started to teach them all he had learned about guerrilla warfare in China, where as Marine Intelligence Officer he had an opportunity to study the tactics of China's famous Eighth Route Army.

Carlson realized, as did the Russians, that the military powers of the world had a lot to learn from the Chinese, who are still the finest guerrilla fighters in the world, after having practiced the art for nearly three thousand years. During the Chinese-Japanese War, Carlson spent months with the Chinese guerrillas. He saw how they lived, how they attacked, and particularly how they hoodwinked their enemies by simulated retreats and forced marches. He noted the work of their scouts, their communications system, and their method of making themselves selfsupporting.

In 1941 during his last visit to China, Lieutenant Colonel Carlson was so sure that America would have to fight Japan that he conceived the idea of forming a Marine "guerrilla" force.

When he got back to America, he was given command of a Raider Battalion. Three months after Pearl Harbor, he began to hand-pick his men for the job ahead. Assisting him was Major James Roosevelt, the son of President Roosevelt.

Every member of the Raiders is a volunteer. Carlson chose his officers for their democratic outlook as well as for their efficiency. He warned the men who volunteered they were in for a tough time and did his best to break down their resolution to join him by telling them what faced them — the hardships of the jungle, the no-quarter and butchering policy of the Japs, the danger and brutalities they would meet. Their job, he told them, was to fight to the death in places where the average marine could not go, and to fight to win or lose, with losing meaning only one thing.

Most of the men who were chosen came from states where men live open-air lives; some had been soldiers in Latin America, others were Marine veterans with good records. If they still wanted to join after Carlson had done his best to curb their enthusiasm, he shook hands with each man and welcomed him to the school of supermen he wanted his corps to be.

The first job was to get them physically fit and immune

from climatic conditions and fatigue. While other Raider Marines marched twenty miles in a day, Carlson and his men did thirty-five and forty, and eliminated the usual hourly ten-minute rest period.

In order to make the unit self-sufficient, the Colonel broke it up into small squads of six or eight men, each man being a specialist at his own job, each able to look after himself by preparing his own food, finding his way, and foraging for his companions if need be. Knowing that the Jap fights in the dark, Carlson gave his boys lengthy training in night action. They had to drill at night, learn to shoot at night and to creep up on each other in the swamps and tracks of the Hawaiian jungle.

From the Chinese, Carlson borrowed an idea that contributes largely to the success of the Raiders wherever their darkened faces and deadly knives appear. All Chinese guerrillas are "co-operative" with, or equal to, their leaders. Carlson started group meetings, at which officers and men exchange ideas and opinions, and discuss world strategy and politics as well as their own work. Anyone can talk, argue, disagree, and criticize. The Colonel always attends these sessions himself, but he doesn't take the chair. A private may open the discussion, a sergeant, or an officer. If Carlson speaks, he speaks as one of the boys. He is always that. In action, the door of his tent is always open to any member of the Raiders. He listens to complaints, considers ideas for improving the fighting quality of his men, and is always ready with advice when consulted on a personal problem. Carlson's Raiders are probably nearer to a crack football team or a fighter-plane squadron than any other unit.

The boys worship the "old man," of course. He is a father to them as much as a commanding officer, but in spite of the friendly atmosphere there is no let-up in discipline.

Carlson aimed at creating a really democratic fighting organization because he believed that men fight better as buddies, and that each member of his team should have a definite job and know exactly what the action is intended to achieve. In training and in action the Raiders live together. The officers live and eat with their men, carry the same equipment, and wear the same uniforms.

Lieutenant Colonel Carlson and his officers went through the same training as their men to harden them for the tests ahead. Before going into action, the battalion was moved to Hawaii to be toughened up for jungle warfare. Here, the men lived under conditions as near to those they were likely to encounter as possible.

In the Solomons campaign, Marine Raiders have encountered many tough assignments. On one occasion, four officers and twenty-one enlisted men were given the mission of penetrating Japanese-held territory and finding out the main center of enemy resistance. In the dead of night, with blackened faces and armed to the teeth, they set out in a small boat to a remote beach on Guadalcanal. Here in the tropical darkness they methodically and noiselessly established a beach-head, then they pushed silently forward into the jungle to find the enemy.

Guadalcanal is a difficult place at any time. The jungle is full of small animals and birds that begin to screech if they are disturbed. These birds work alike for Americans and Japanese, and they are decidedly unwelcome companions when a night reconnaissance has to be made. Start them squeaking, and you attract the attention of every enemy in the vicinity. The Raiders worked silently, and soon they were making their way deep into the enemy territory through the dense undergrowth of the jungle. The going was hard and it was difficult to keep in touch with each other.

In order to minimize casualties if attacked, they broke up into small parties and crept steadily forward. Suddenly, there was a burst of firing. It ceased as quickly as it had begun. The news was whispered. Several were wounded. The others waited and soon the area was alive with Japs. The little yellow men came pouring out from all directions and the Raiders were soon badly outnumbered. There began a series of bitter hand-to-hand struggles. One section made a bayonet charge against the enemy. When they had finished, there were scores of Japanese dead. After re-forming they fought their way slowly back to their comrades who were waiting at the beach-head.

The Japanese, knowing every inch of the territory, brought up support troops, and when the leathernecks finally got to their beach-head they found themselves surrounded — as bad a situation as could be found anywhere.

When the Japanese began to invade the beach with machine guns from both flanks, the Marine machine-gun officer gave his men the only order possible under such circumstances — to dig in. The men were short of equipment but they began to make fox holes in the sand with canteen cups and helmets. As they dug, others sent volley after volley into the darkness, where the little spurts of flame told of the presence of the enemy. Each volley was followed by cries and screams of the enemy patrol. Soon more Japs arrived, and bullets began to whistle from all three sides of the beach.

The marines were slowly being cut to pieces by this terrible fire. Sergeant Arndt of Oklahoma volunteered to swim and crawl his way along the shore line to get help. He set off, screened by the darkness, but had not gone more than two hundred yards when he was heard shooting it out with the enemy. The Marine officer in charge of the party, believing his sergeant had been killed, dispatched

another man, Corporal James Spaulding of New York City, to fulfill the sergeant's mission.

Both men got through. They arrived at headquarters exhausted, their feet badly cut from crawling over the coral reefs. Sergeant Arndt had swum some distance wearing only his field shoes and helmet. He carried his pistol tucked in the chin strap of the latter. As he was coming on shore he espied two Japs waiting for him. He unstrapped his pistol and took careful aim, knocking out one Jap with his first shot. The other ran off like a scared rabbit, but immediately a near-by Jap patrol started a barrage of machine-gun bullets. Arndt ducked, went ashore, and calmly stole a rowboat from a Jap camp near-by. Then he rowed to the Marine base to get the reinforcements.

Spaulding arrived at the same Japanese camp. He thought it was a Marine outpost, and he walked right into it till he came face to face with a Japanese soldier. He was unarmed. He downed the Jap with hard chop on the jaw, then turned and dove back into the water. The Jap immediately recovered and began firing at him. As Spaulding swam, he could hear the Japanese soldiers scrambling along the rocks of the shore line, but they could not see him. Farther on he came to a beach, where he landed because it was too long for him to swim around. More Japs were on patrol, so Spaulding figured that bold action was called for. He took out his waterproof-wrapped iron-ration candy bar, unwrapped it, and sauntered cautiously along the beach, chewing on the chocolate.

Nothing happened for a while, then Spaulding looked behind him. A Jap sentry was prowling in the bushes looking for him. Spaulding waited. The Jap came nearer. When he was within arm's length, the Raider tried out the tricks he had learned at Parris Island. He grabbed the Jap and strangled him. It was all over in a few seconds. Then he continued his journey.

Both Spaulding and Arndt arrived too late for help to be sent to the marines on the beach-head. Only a few members of the patrol returned to the base. One was Sergeant Frank Few of Oklahoma, who had swum four miles to a clean, white, sandy beach. "Here I just climbed out of the water and ran like hell to the main body. I must have arrived only a few minutes after Spaulding left. I saw somebody walking right in front of me. I thought it was one of our boys who had come to help me, so I asked him for the password. It was a Jap. He let out a yell and made a stab at me. I knocked his bayonet down with my right hand, grabbed it away from him, and killed him cold. He had got me in the right arm, though, and I was bleeding. That made me mad," related the sergeant. "I didn't intend to waste any time. I started back to the boys and then I came right on another Japanese. He was standing between the forks of two trees. He didn't see me. It was easy to get him with my pistol. When I regained contact with some of the survivors on the beach, we settled down to dig fox holes and wait for the reinforcements. But we didn't wait long. The tide came in and washed out the fox holes. The Japanese patrols moved in on us, and soon there weren't many of us left."

Sergeant Few, seeing further resistance was futile, calmly picked off one or two Japanese snipers with his rifle, threw the weapon in the water, spat out the ammunition he had been holding in his mouth, and headed for the open sea. "As I looked back over my shoulder I could see the Japs using their bayonets on our wounded," he said. "That makes still another score I'll have to settle. Just can't wait, either!"

A typical action by a Marine Raider patrol was a raid

on the Japanese-held island of Malita undertaken from the Marine base in Tulagi. A party of forty marines landed on the island at 5 p.m. after a difficult sea trip in motor boats, which had encountered bad weather and heavy seas. The patrol was split up into six combat teams and the men set off, spending twelve and a half hours in the jungle to reach their objective, which was a Jap encampment.

"We got into our position at 5.30 A.M.," relates Lieutenant Crain of Ada, Oklahoma, in charge of the party. "It was getting light as we circled the camp. The Japs were occupying a small clearing on the coastal road that had been built by the British. We could see four opensided shacks, a mess hall, a gallery, and a storehouse. There was also a wireless shack, our main objective. We crawled on our bellies to within fifteen yards of the mess hall. It was the funniest thing to lie there and watch them walking around, washing up, brushing their teeth, and getting ready for chow. We waited. At a quarter to eight there were fourteen of them in the mess hall. Watching them eat made us feel hungry. They were wolfing native potatoes and bananas and drinking coffee. We had waited because we hoped to get all of them together, but when I saw two of them getting ready to leave, I gave the signal to open fire.

"The seven of us were well equipped. My corporal had a tommy gun and we had automatic rifles and Springfields. We got every one of the fourteen in the mess hall and then more Japanese came out from other shacks. They put up a fight, but they hadn't much chance. We got two of them on the road and a third ran into the bush when he was wounded. There were two more on the beach, one of whom surrendered.

"Then we tackled the others. One of them headed for the radio shack. We figured that he was probably going to send a message, but he didn't get far. "It was all over in about five minutes. As far as I remember, the enemy didn't fire a single shot because our boys had taken them completely by surprise. We were happy because we had achieved our objective, even to bringing back a prisoner, although he was scared and didn't talk very much.

"When it was all over, we were surrounded by the natives, who treated us as if we were heroes. They had been living very happily under British rule, and had been severely plundered by the Japs, who had lived on their gardens and stolen their chickens. When they saw that all the Japs had been killed, they made a really gala occasion and brought us all kinds of fruit and some of their native wine. The fruit was very welcome. When we had eaten, they serenaded us with native songs. I felt that we ought to respond, so we all stood up and sang 'From the Halls of Montezuma.' That pleased them more than ever. When we left, they all lined up under their chief and gave three cheers in typical British fashion. We could hear them yelling 'Hip, hip, hooray' as we went back through the jungle."

Private August R. Montgomery of Terre Haute, Indiana, was a member of a Marine Raider Battalion that landed on Tulagi. Montgomery got back to the Naval Hospital in San Diego with wounds in his chest and arm and a strange story to tell.

He was a member of the first wave of Raiders. They landed according to plan, and immediately pushed inland into the depths of the jungle.

"We set up for the night alongside a road," he related, "and after posting sentinels and patrols, the rest of us went to sleep. I woke up to hear shots coming from all around. I found out afterward that nine Japanese had come sauntering down the trail in the moonlight. They



would never have gotten so near to us if they had not kept to the middle of the trail, so that our patrol would think they were marines.

"They put on a good act. When one of them was halted by a sentry, he gave the password in English. They got clear up the trail to the head of our unit where I was asleep. It was quite easy for the sentries to make a mistake in the dark because their helmets and clothes were something like our own. They made one mistake, though.

"One of them went up to our platoon sergeant. He asked, 'Hey, buddy, what kind of an outfit is this?' Martin, our 'top,' had been in China. Without waiting to answer he shot that Nip cold. He had been in the East too long not to detect the Japanese accent. That started trouble. A shot whammed past me, then another. I rolled into a ditch to take cover. Two Japs dove in beside me and jammed me tight, one on each side.

"They were both armed with rifles and pistols and knives. So was I, but I didn't have time or space to use mine.

"They both stuck their rifles into my ribs and kept hissing at me to keep quiet. I wasn't going to let them get away with that. I hit out at the barrel of the rifle on the left, but I was not quick enough. The Jap pulled the trigger and the bullet hit me in the chest. I thought I was dead. Being so close to a rifle is deafening, but the bullet hit my dog tag [identification tag]. I figure that saved my life. I was alive and kicking hard. Just then the Jap on the right shot me. The bullet went right through my right arm and hit the Jap on the other side of me. He screamed like mad and I hit out at him.

"We were all at the bottom of the ditch by this time. They seemed to be sitting all over me. I was conscious, but I couldn't move. One of them was pressing my neck down to the bottom of the ditch with his head. I hollered and he pressed tighter. Then one of our men started to pull them both off me.

"I had thought that they were both through, especially as they had not attacked me again, but the Jap who had been closest to me leaped to his feet like a fury, drew a big knife, and went straight at the man's throat. That marine was quicker than the Nipponese. Another shot went off in my ears and the dead Jap came down on top of me.

"That was some adventure."

Three Marine Raiders who found themselves cut off from their main body fought more than a hundred and fifty Japs for over seven and a half hours. One was Private Thomas Cook of Oliver Street, New York, who is proud of the fact that he lived in the house where Al Smith was born. Cook and his two companions were operating in the Guadalcanal jungle between the Japanese and the American positions. Their job was to warn the main Marine body of the Japanese advance.

About three o'clock in the morning the Japanese moved up in new force. Cook telephoned the information to battalion headquarters, and then the three found that they were completely surrounded by the enemy. They decided to fight their way out and began to retreat, taking cover in the tall grass. The Japanese knew they were in the grass and could not locate them. So they began to mow down the grass with their big swords.

Two of the marines waited until the men with the swords were within a few yards of them. Then they tossed hand grenades at the Japanese, and ran for it, while the other private first class, Walter Leary of New Jersey, poured a withering fire on the advancing Japanese with his Browning automatic rifle. How many these three killed

is a matter of conjecture, for they kept this action up hour after hour.

The tightest corner of their escape was when they found a steep cliff at their backs and were hemmed in on three sides by the Japs. As they began to let themselves down the face of the cliff, a Japanese officer ran up and slashed one of them across the back with his sword. Private Leary immediately killed the officer and turned his gun on the men behind him so effectively that they retreated into the long grass.

Finally, the three marines reached the bottom of the cliff, where they made a final dash along the beach to the Marine lines, which were under heavy fire from the Japanese machine guns and mortars. All three of them returned safely, although each had been slightly wounded.

From Guadalcanal have come many stories of the exploits of these Marine Raiders. On one expedition, a Marine patrol traveled several miles inside the enemy lines and destroyed five Japanese bases and four hundred men with the loss of only seventeen of their number. This expedition lasted several weeks, during which time the marines existed in the mountainous jungles of Guadalcanal, living as a self-sufficient force and continually stalking and destroying the enemy.

Private First Class Wallace E. Wyn, a twenty-year-old marine from Thomasville, North Carolina, was not only lost in the jungle of enemy-held territory on Guadalcanal for fourteen days but carried out a running fight with the enemy and survived.

Wyn was sent to relieve the watch at an outpost on a hill near the front lines. While he was on guard, he saw a large number of Japs coming up the hill and gave the alarm because there were too many of them for the outpost to take care of. He and two of his mates became separated from the main combat and took to the woods, hoping to make their way back to their own base. Hearing men coming toward them, they hid behind a log and kept quiet.

Two Japanese came out of the jungle. One of them went up to the log and put his hand down into the grass behind it. "He touched me, but I guess I was so stiff with fright that he thought I was dead," relates Wyn. "Then he stepped over me and went to look for the others. I stayed all night in the bushes. The next morning I seemed to be right in the middle of the Japanese barrage. Shells were bursting all around me. The only thing I could do was to lie still and tuck my head under the log to keep from being hit by shrapnel. When everything was quiet, I raised my head very carefully and I saw two other men peeking out of the tall grass. At first I thought they were Japs, so I didn't move.

"I just sat watching. Then I recognized them as my two buddies of the night before. We got together, lying on our bellies, and decided to remain where we were crouching down under some bushes. It was a good thing we did, because later in the day a strong Japanese patrol came searching the woods.

"They found some dead marines, and began to search them and take their clothes. One of the Japs seemed to have a curious nature He probably suspected that there were still some marines in the grass, because he came over toward us and began to kick the grass with his feet. He was getting nearer and nearer. He was soon within a few feet. I nudged my buddies. I figured that we'd better get him before he found us. I raised my rifle and squeezed the trigger and got him through the head. He didn't die immediately, though. He stood like a statue and raised his arm to beckon to his comrades. Then he fell down flat.

"We decided to run for it and took off, but we hadn't

gone very far before we came into a clearing where there were six Japs. Three of them bolted, and the others rushed at us with fixed bayonets. One of them came at me, and I managed to turn the blade of the bayonet just as it went about three inches into my chest.

"I fell to the ground and dropped my rifle because he had hit me with great force. The wound hurt but it wasn't enough to cripple me. As I lay on the ground it came to me that I would have to finish him or he would get me, so I grabbed my rifle and shot him.

"Then I saw that one of my comrades was headed for the woods with two Japs after him. One of the Japs caught up with him and drove his bayonet through his back. He fell down and the Jap started to stab him again, yelling and gloating. I was dead cold but furious. I shot that Jap as he raised his bayonet for the third time, and then got the other one, who was standing by.

"When I went over to my buddy, he was dead. There was nothing else I could do for him, so I went back into the woods. After a few hours I blundered into another clearing where about a dozen Japs were eating their chow. I didn't know quite what to do at first. I was tired and weary. I knew that I was up against it. But I wasn't going to be captured by the Nips. I decided to be a bit cunning. I stood up to my full height and motioned with my right arm to the jungle behind me and shouted, 'Come on, boys, let's get 'em.'

"The Japs caught the idea, and broke from their table and ran. I grabbed some food and returned to the bushes, where I kept up a steady fire from various points to make them keep their heads down and think they were being attacked. Then I ran as hard as I could in what I hoped was the right direction. At night I rested in the woods, but I never slept very much because I could always hear

the Japanese moving up on me. Wherever I was at night I stayed.

"Next morning I was awakened by a burst of machine-gun fire quite near. I figured that it must be ours because I was still behind the Japanese lines and the fire seemed to be coming from the direction of our lines. I decided to do a bit of reconnoitering and climbed up to the top of a little hill, where I found my position. It looked as if I had only to go a few miles and I would be back in a Marine camp.

"Getting there wasn't so easy. I hadn't been in the woods for many minutes before I ran into another Jap, who had a rifle over his shoulder and a pistol in his hand, which he had covered with a handkerchief. I 'hit the deck' immediately and lay there watching him move through the grass. I still don't know what he was doing or looking for. He might have been talking to himself. I took careful aim and fired. But for some reason or other I missed. He suddenly stood very still and stiff and began to call, 'Me hunt, me hunt; don't shoot.' I squeezed another shot. This time I hit him, and he went down. At times like this you're very glad of having a rifle. I'd thrown away all my gear except the rifle and ammunition.

"The noise of the shots had brought a whole lot more of them. Soon they seemed to be all around me, as Japs always are. I lay low, and then set out again in the direction of the American lines. All the time I was trying to remember everything I'd been told about wood-lore. I hid behind bushes, trees, stumps, and tall grass. I believe I remained in that wood for two or three days, and there wasn't an hour that I wasn't awakened by the slightest noise. Once a big snake passed quite near me, and I was wide awake before it went out of sight. One morning I caught a wild fowl and ate it raw. It tasted really good.

"Fortunately it rained almost every night, so that when I was thirsty I only had to take some rotted wood that had absorbed the rain and squeeze it until the water ran from it. In one part of the woods I found some kind of cane that tasted like cabbage. I ate quite a lot of it and took some of it along with me. However unfamiliar the taste, it was good to have something regular to eat.

"As I went on between me and what I thought was the Marine position, I could hear the Japanese squeaking and talking in their bivouac area. Several times I tried to cross their lines, but each time they came near and I had to go back and take cover. I still don't know how long this went on. I remember that my wound was bothering me and hurting. When I inhaled and exhaled the air would come in through the hole in my chest. Sometimes it whistled and hissed rather like air being released from a football bladder. I was rather worried about this because it seemed so loud that I thought it would attract the attention of the Japs.

"One morning just before daylight I decided I had had enough of this inactivity, so I climbed to another hill and set off down a path that the Japs had made to attack one of our outposts. I walked all day and all night. Early the next morning I was too exhausted to go any farther, so I decided to take a nap. To be quite sure that I knew the direction I was going I put my rifle down with the barrel pointing toward our camp. I didn't sleep for long, and soon I had mustered up enough strength to follow the trail. As I went on, I began to see how the Japanese had made their attacks. They had used the rotten stumps of trees as cover and little holes with covering of leaves and bushes over them. I didn't know whether they were still there and so I kept as far away as possible from the trail, although I never let it out of my sight. Having come so far I didn't want to get knocked off.

"I soon found I was in a tough enough spot. The Japs thought our troops were in the place where I was. Bombers began to fly over dropping their stuff, and most of it fell around me. I knew there were no Americans here, because there was no cussing when the bombs dropped and no noise of men getting into fox holes. I lay down, taking as much cover as possible. When the planes had gone, I thought that the Japs might have left some food, so I began to crawl from fox hole to fox hole to fox hole, but all I could find was something that looked like a saddlebag. I was just going to pry it open when I heard footsteps. I dropped my head close to the ground and lay quite still. I could see some men coming toward me spread out in a wide circle. They were kicking the grass just like the Japs had done. This was it, I thought. I decided that at least I'd take some of them with me. I drew a bead on one of them. I was just about to let him have it, when he jerked off his helmet. I guess a mosquito had stung him or something. He had blond hair. I nearly fainted with excitement. I yelled: 'Don't shoot. I'm an American.'

"They all fell to the ground then. Japs yell that kind of thing first and then shoot as you come on. One of them came toward me with a gun in his hand and a knife between his teeth. 'I'm a marine, buddy,' I called. 'Come on and see.'

"He was a swell fellow. First thing he did was to give me a chocolate bar. I ate it like a man that had never eaten before. I was suddenly crazy with hunger. Then I got a drink of clean water, the first for about fifteen days. Back in camp I got some real food and was put to bed with that chest still whistling like a bird, but was I feeling good! I had lost more than fifty pounds during that trip, but I know I was lucky to get back at all. When I go back, I'll know just what to do to those Japs and I'll do it, believe me!"

5 IN LINE OF DUTY

THE United States Marine Corps has four distinct tasks.

- 1. To maintain a mobile force in immediate readiness as a part of the United States fleet for use in shore operations.
- 2. To maintain Marine detachments as part of the ship's crew on cruisers, aircraft-carriers, and battleships.
- 3. To provide garrisons for the safeguarding of navy yards and naval stations at home and in the outlying possessions of the United States.
- 4. To provide forces for the protection of American lives and property abroad.

When a marine sings, "Our flag's unfurled to every breeze from dawn to setting sun," and carries on with, "We've fought in every clime and place where we could take a gun," it is no idle boast. The Marines have often been at battle stations protecting the country's interest when the rest of the nation was unaware of what was happening. They have fought the Florida Indians, subdued the Boxers in China, and opposed the Philippine traitors.

At the outbreak of this war, there were American Marines at Pearl Harbor, Midway, and any other station where the United States flag was flying, and the citations for valor in the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor include the names of several marines, in keeping with the tradition of the Corps.

One of the first things that a Marine boot learns when

he begins his training is that the drum of the Marine Band is inscribed with a motto, "Don't tread on me." The Japs trod on the Marines at Pearl Harbor, and the Marines have been fighting back ever since. The few marines at Pearl Harbor seem to have borne themselves with the same courage and fortitude as their predecessors in earlier wars. One marine was performing the routine task of delivering ammunition to the sentries. He was riding in a truck loaded with shells. Because of the Japanese bombing, his route became blocked. The marine instantly parked the truck, and shouldering as much ammunition as he could. finally reached the sentries' posts by jumping from float to float across the harbor and scrambling over the dry dock. Next trip, he found that the dry dock had been bombed. When he discovered that it was impossible to reach the remaining sentries' positions, he immediately emptied his truck of ammunition, and using it as an ambulance, went from post to post, picked up the wounded, and delivered them to the hospitals.

Marine Corporal Darling was serving on the U.S.S. Oklahoma when Japanese bombs started to rain down in the surprise attack. While being evacuated from the burning vessel in a motor launch, Darling saw an officer in the water and observed that he was too weak to swim. Although wounded, Darling dove into the water, swam to the officer, and kept him afloat until another motor launch picked them up. All this time, he was under heavy fire from Japanese airplanes and from falling shrapnel. As the motor launch was proceeding to its destination, it was hit by enemy fire and the crew was ordered to abandon it. Darling was determined to finish his job. He directed the officer to jump into the water, jumped in after him, and swam ashore with the exhausted man. For his heroic action, extraordinary courage, and utter disregard for his

own safety, Darling was awarded the Navy Cross. Said the citation, "The action of Corporal Darling in the face of enemy bombs and strafing which continued throughout the time he was effecting this rescue was considered most praiseworthy and in accordance with the highest Navy tradition."

Robert H. Stafford, a young marine of Benton, Arkansas, was in charge of a float when the Japanese planes arrived. Stafford's tiny float was in the hottest part of the fray, but he was level-headed even though, as he afterward admitted, he was fighting mad. Anyone who has been in action will tell you that the first bomb explosion or shell burst is likely to shake a man's nerves for several days. Only when he becomes acclimatized to the ear-splitting detonations and the rattle of gunfire does a fighting man reach his full efficiency and become a veteran. The first Jap bombs crashing near-by turned Stafford into a seasoned veteran in a few seconds.

The sea around his little float quickly became a mass of flaming oil that scorched his clothes and blackened his face. The float itself was soon burning. Through the oily smoke, Stafford saw a Japanese plane coming in to attack. He turned his machine gun on the plane, and when it went out of sight he stood alert, waiting for the next. The situation was getting difficult for the young marine. Flames were licking around the float and the smoke was stifling. He wrapped a handkerchief around his mouth and nose to keep out the fumes and waited. Another wave of planes arrived. Stafford gave them several bursts, but finally his ammunition was exhausted, and he decided the float was useless as a weapon of war.

Stafford looked to see if there was anything else he could do to keep fighting. He found plenty. Bobbing up and down in the oily flaming water were the heads of men who were trying to make the shore. Some of them were badly wounded. Stafford noticed a head that disappeared and did not come up again. He jumped into the water, dove, found the man who had sunk, and brought him to shore. Then he went back for others, appointing himself official pilot to the shore for those who were lost. On one trip, he convoyed three wounded men to safety.

That task over, he reported to the guardhouse with all the aplomb of a man who has performed a normal duty. He saluted the officer and said with a slight smile: "Sir, my post is permanently secure. My float is sunk. I have nothing further to report."

This gallant young man with blackened face and dripping clothes made no mention of the fact that his little float had been in the heaviest bombing, and that he had spent his time on the way to the post effecting rescues. If it had not been for the reports made by the rescued men, Stafford's heroism might have gone unnoticed and he would not have been awarded his well-deserved Navy Cross.

Sergeant Douglas was in charge of the forward anti-aircraft guns on a battleship. When a direct hit from a Jap bomb killed some of his men and put some of the guns out of action, the Sergeant remained at his post and carried on with the rest of the guns. Every time the Japanese raiders came within range, his Marine gun crew gave them a hot reception. Finally, the ship received another hit and began to burn. Orders were given for the gun crew to abandon its station. Sergeant Douglas refused to hear them. He kept his guns in action until the last Jap raider had vanished into the Pacific sky. In awarding him the Navy Cross the citation described his "distinguished service in the line of his profession, and extraordinary courage and disregard for his own safety."

Corporal Driskell was another Marine gunner. A large-caliber bomb fell a few yards away from his gun that was pouring anti-aircraft shells at the enemy planes. The blast of the shell blew the corporal off his feet and against the mounting of another gun. He picked himself up and ran through the smoke to his own gun. When he arrived, the men of his crew who were still alive looked at him with horror. His clothes had all but been burned off, and he had a terrible gaping wound showing through the leg of his smouldering pants. His hair was also burned and his face scorched. The corpsmen came with stretchers to take away the wounded. Driskell brushed them aside with a "I have just begun to fight" gesture. "I'm all right; take the other guys," he said. "Let me be. I'm full of fight."

He was sighting another gun, when a second bomb put it out of action. When he emerged from the blast still active and capable, Corporal Driskell's mates must have thought that he was immortal. He went to another gun and took the place of a gunner who lay dead. When the next wave of planes came, the battery was still firm. All around the battery, buildings were in flames, and the smoke was drifting in clouds across the gun position. The corpsmen came again to collect the casualties, but Driskell did not count himself as such, even when the attack had died down. He found a job giving first aid to the wounded and helping them to the ambulances. When the last wounded man had been taken away, he joined a fire-fighting squad, which was battling the flames. "This materially helped in bringing the fire under control," said the Navy citation awarding Driskell the Navy Cross.

Sergeant Hailey was a gunner on board a ship that received a direct hit and sank early in the attack. As the vessel sank, Hailey plunged into the water and headed for another ship. He then saw that some of his gun crew were

in difficulty, so he swam back, collected them, and brought them to the new vessel, which was under a heavy bombing and strafing attack. The sea through which he had brought his men was being spattered with machine-gun bullets, and falling bombs were throwing up great craters of water. When the last man had been helped aboard, Hailey himself clambered up the ladder and lined up his men. There was no officer available to give instructions. Some of the men on board had been wounded, and there were anti-aircraft guns to be manned. Hailey assembled his gun crew at the nearest gun and looked it over. He had no experience with that particular kind of gun, but in a few minutes he had it working. The ship by this time was taking severe punishment, and there was difficulty in getting shells to the gun. While sighting and firing, the sergeant organized a squad to bring the ammunition and succeeded in keeping the gun working throughout the action.

Later when the ship was abandoned, Sergeant Hailey was brought ashore with the others. He reported to his command post clad only in his underclothes and with his precious rifle in his hand.

While waiting for instructions he heard that someone was needed to act as a gunner-observer in a plane going on a search mission. He volunteered, was accepted, and went with a flying suit over his underclothes — still carrying his rifle. Five hours later he was back and eager to get another gun in case the Japs came back. The Marines are proud of sergeants like Hailey, another marine to win the Navy Cross.

The story of the gallant defense of Corregidor ranks with that of Wake, and until the war is over, the full details of the heroism and sacrifice of the Marine guards and soldiers who defended the peninsula can never be told. Private Alexander Catchuck of the U.S.M.C. was in Fort

Mills, Corregidor, when a wave of enemy bombers appeared and dropped a large number of bombs. The civilian driver of a near-by truck, loaded with wounded, abandoned his seat when a second wave of enemy bombers, escorted by fighter planes, flew overhead. The fighter planes proceded to strafe the ground.

Catchuck, however, immediately volunteered to leave his shelter and drive the truck to the hospital. As he proceeded, the Japanese planes came in low and strafed the road, hitting the truck in several places. Catchuck seemed to have a charmed life, as he was unharmed. The Navy citation awarding him the Silver Star mentions that he arrived at his destination "in the face of extreme hazards and repeated attacks by the Japanese planes." When Catchuck reached the hospital, he could find no one to help him bring in the wounded men. He therefore carried them in himself and succeeded in locating two medical officers, whom he assisted in giving first aid to the wounded. He then returned to his post.

Another marine, Private First Class Greer, performed a similar action. On coming across a truck loaded with wounded, which had been abandoned by its driver, Greer settled himself in the driver's seat and delivered the wounded to the hospital. Five other marines were similarly cited at Fort Mills when, without regard for their personal safety, they organized a rescue squad and evacuated a considerable number of wounded from ground exposed to enemy fire. Said a Marine correspondent: "It is difficult even to describe the hell those men must have gone through on Corregidor. From reports we have received, the bombing and ground strafing was the heaviest ever concentrated on a small area. To show one's face outside was to invite death. That is what makes us so proud of these fellows."

The marines at Pearl Harbor and Corregidor who were serving as gunners and guards showed their mettle in the emergency. Commenting on their citations a veteran Navy man remarked: "It kind of makes you feel at home with Marines on guard. We kid them along a lot, but every man in the Navy knows they will be on the job if trouble comes." The fierce, good-humored rivalry between the Marines and the Navy makes this tribute all the more weighty.

Since Pearl Harbor, the responsibilities of the Marine guards have been increased. Today they are guarding United States property, not only with rifles and anti-air-craft guns, but with the latest weapon in air defense—barrage balloons. The location of these balloons is secret, but at Parris Island Marine specialists have been using these sky cows, as they are called.

A barrage balloon, say the men who operate them, is the most temperamental inanimate thing that ever took to the air. To see one riding the sky so serenely — in fair weather — you would think it was as easy to handle as a boy's kite.

When reports came from England that barrage balloons were doing good work in keeping the German planes high over vital targets, and protecting personnel from strafing attacks by enemy aircraft, the Marines, as the guard specialists of the United States, decided that barrage balloons came within their scope, particularly, as at any time they are likely to be called on to police our naval installations in positions where attacks by dive-bombers might be a common occurrence. The barrage balloon, as the British discovered, is the dive-bomber's worst enemy, because it keeps him high and so makes the pilot's aim inaccurate. To their many other chores, the Marines added the operation of these huge balloons that soar to a great

height in the air around protected bases and are partners for anti-aircraft batteries.

Said a marine who took the first course in barrage balloon operation: "It is like handling a sick old cow. You have to eat and sleep within rock-throwing distance of the balloons, which you have already bedded down in natural or artificial clearings in the woods. If you don't have to get up at least once in the night to fix your balloon, you are lucky, very lucky. What they'll be giving a marine next, you never can tell." He grinned. "But a barrage balloon is a fighting thing anyhow, and as it's a weapon, the marines just have to learn to use it. With one of those balloons and the old rifle we ought to take on anything."

Getting a barrage balloon into the air is not just a matter of running out the cable and then sitting back until the order is received to haul in again. The great gasbags are attached to a motor winch that pays out and pulls in the cable. When they are released, they have to be flown dead into the wind so that the cable is kept taut all the time and in line with the drum. Otherwise, it will pull away at an angle and either foul the drum or snap the cable. Under fifty feet, the balloons are exceedingly susceptible to gusts of wind, so they must be launched carefully and with due consideration to weather conditions.

A change in the strength or direction of the wind calls for "all hands on deck" below. If a balloon gets in an eddy and starts to spin, it may sever its cable and fly away, trailing hundreds of feet of cable which will rip off chimneys and gables, and do considerable other damage to property. There is a story recounted by barrage-balloon men of an escaped balloon that wrapped its cable around a cow and carried the unfortunate animal up in the air and out to sea. The balloons have to be tended day and night while in the air and on the ground, and correct handling calls for special training.

When a barrage balloon goes out, the greatest responsibility lies with the man who controls the winch. He has to watch for changes in the wind and adjust his balloon to them with hair-trigger precision. When the balloon surges and yaws, he has to play out the cable. If the gasbag gets temperamental and is flown toward him by a change of wind, he must take up the slack instantly because the freshening of the wind in the opposite direction that may come the next second will tighten the cable so suddenly that it will snap. "It is rather like reeling a trout," explained a young leatherneck in the barrage-balloon section. "You play the balloon as it goes up or comes down. If your line is too taut, then it's no fish, and these balloons are more ornery than trout. They're a deal more expensive too. A balloon holding twenty-five thousand cubic feet of gas costs about seven thousand dollars and it weighs about nine hundred pounds deflated."

The Marine balloon men come in for a great deal of kidding from their companions in other sections, but they are just another evidence of the fact that the Marines are always up-to-date in their methods of keeping guard.

IN NOVEMBER, 1942, the United States Marine Corps changed its famous hymn. The lines

We fight our country's battles On the land as on the sea

were to read,

We fight our country's battles In the air, on land and sea.

The leathernecks, however, have been air minded ever since flying became a branch of the fighting services. Marine fliers have actually been in the air since 1911.

The story of Marine aviation is almost the story of Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Cunningham. Cunningham made a flight in a gas-filled balloon as far back as 1903, and from that moment he was bitten by the air bug that never left him. He was the first marine to fly. His career fits the pattern of the men who had the urge to conquer the air when the airplane was often a short cut to sudden death. Cunningham, who was commissioned in 1909, spent his spare time wandering around the flying fields watching the efforts of the fledgling fliers. Deciding that he must learn, he rented a plane that was supposed to fly. Cunningham was fond of his treasure, but it was an airplane in name only. After months of unsuccessful effort to get the contraption into the air, Cunningham obtained permission from his commandant to bring the fearsome-

looking thing to the Philadelphia Navy Yard. It made so much noise that his fellow officers called it "Noisy Nan." Everything was wrong with "Noisy Nan," but Cunningham was an enthusiast. He would make it fly. He had learned a lot about motors and rigging, so he decided to rebuild it. In his spare time he took the engine apart and put it together again, always hoping that one day the craft would take off. All that happened was that "Noisy Nan" would rattle and roar up and down the runway like an agitated bird with clipped wings.

Cunningham was a man of resource, however. He constructed bumps in the runway hoping that "Noisy Nan" would leap up into the air and fly. She did leap once or twice, but she always came down a few seconds later with a distressing thud. "I prayed and begged to God that that machine would fly," related Cunningham afterward. "I used to lie awake all night wondering if my prayers would be answered, but she never flew."

Finally the Lieutenant became disillusioned about his grass-cutter. He was not discouraged about aviation, however — if this plane would not fly, others would. He began to talk to wealthy friends in Philadelphia and made several trips to Washington to talk to politicians. The United States Marine Corps should have a flying field and at least one plane, he urged, and when that happened, he was the man to fly it. In the end, he won. His superior officers must have tired of his persistence. He was sent to the Naval Aviation Camp at Annapolis in 1912 and became the first Marine aviator.

This ambitious young man was soon to find that the way of a flying marine is not plain sailing. First he had to sandwich in his flying between his regular duties as a Marine officer, which often meant that it was weeks before he could get into the air. Then he ran into a new difficulty

— Cupid. Marine Corps policy said that no married officer could fly, and Cunningham wanted to get married.

If he couldn't fly as a marine, the incorrigible young man decided he might become a flier in the United States Navy itself, so he applied for a transfer. He succeeded and became attached as post quartermaster to the Washington Navy Yard. There were airplanes on the post, and for Cunningham that was the next best thing to being a pilot.

For three years, he worked, organizing a Naval Aeronautic Service, filling in time by acting as test pilot for the Navy's first flying boat, the D 2. Later, he got himself transferred to special experimental flying duty. In 1915, the Navy modified its ideas about married men as pilots in the United States Marine Corps, which it controls, and Cunningham went back to active duty.

From that moment, he began to figure in a series of extraordinary events in the development of Marine Corps aviation. If there was a difficult job to be done, Cunningham was always there. To him fell the honor of making the first catapult take-off from the deck of a battleship. The apparatus had been invented in 1912, when successful trials had been made from a float, but launching a plane from the deck of a battleship was a distinct innovation.

Cunningham settled himself in the cockpit of the plane and gave the signal for the take-off. Bang went the catapult, and out went the plane, but instead of taking off, it stalled, turned over, and fell on the deck on top of Cunningham. Some of the apparatus had fouled the tail. Cunningham was rushed to hospital in a coma. His back was hurt and the doctors said he had torn a ligament. They strapped up the injured portion and recommended the young flier for leave. Cunningham would have none of it. He insisted on doing a regular day's work at the station. Three

months later, an X-ray showed that his back was broken.

After special treatment, he went back to duty in 1916 when Secretary of the Navy Daniels had recommended that a limited number of naval aviators be trained to fly land machines and to assist at advanced land bases. Cunningham requested instruction in land flying and was accepted. Thus he gained another first — the first Marine Corps officer to take up land flying.

From that moment, he began to play a leading part in building up the Marine Corps and Navy aeronautical establishments. Although only a young officer, he was accepted as adviser, and many of his ideas were used by his superiors. In 1917, he was sent to France on observation duty, and on his return in January, 1918, he presented plans for the organization of a Marine Corps aviation unit. He returned to France as a major and was in command of Marine aviation units for the rest of the war.

For his unique services, he was awarded the Navy Cross. As father of Marine Corps aviation, his name is revered and honored by all Marine fliers. In 1939, the United States Marine Air Corps lost its first member when Lieutenant Colonel Cunningham died suddenly.

In flying the Marines have a number of firsts. Ever since 1913, it has been a marine who has done something entirely different, and broken the accepted theory of flight and aeronautical practice. Among the leatherneck officers chosen for the new aviation branch in 1913 was Lieutenant Francis Evans. Evans was a bright-eyed young man with all the dash and verve you expect of a Marine officer. He took flying in his stride, just as did Lieutenant Colonel Cunningham.

Airplanes in those days were flimsy affairs with very little longitudinal stability. Then, as today, if you got one into a flat spin, it was usually done for, only yesterday's

planes were about one hundred times easier to get into a flat spin. One morning Lieutenant Evans was making a routine flight in a box kite. To the horror of those on the ground, the machine got into a flat spin. In a flat spin, the plane goes round and round on its longitudinal axis, which means that all controls are useless.

If you take a square piece of cardboard and flick it away from you with a rotary motion, you will have some idea of what happens. The pilot, sitting in the center of the gyrating circle of turn, is helpless. In a modern plane, he might conceivably try a parachute jump. Evans had no such thing. His plane went round and round, losing height rapidly. His fellow officers had already decided he was a goner, when something happened. The plane stopped spinning and flew down to land under control. Evans was immediately surrounded by a crowd of relieved officers and men congratulating him on his lucky escape. He accepted the congratulations, then went up again. Again the plane went into a flat spin. The men on the ground decided there must be a defect in the machine. Evans could not escape this time, and they waited for the crash. Down came the flimsy machine, but as before when it seemed too late to hope for a miracle, the Lieutenant straightened out, flew around the airfield, and landed. He had mastered the flat spin.

Some time later the daring young flyer brought another first to the new arm of the Marines. He looped a seaplane, something at which all aviators shuddered. It had been firmly decided that while a few crazy land fliers in light fast airplanes could emulate the French airman, Pégaud, who first looped the loop, a seaplane was out of the question. Experts held that the boats would come off. If that did not happen, the heavy machine would come to pieces in the air. Evans did three loops in one day, and landed

safely. For these contributions to aviation, he was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

When the first World War broke out, the flying Marines were training at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola. They were transferred to Philadelphia and organized into the Marine Aeronautical Company. On October 12, 1917, with 34 officers and 33 enlisted men, they were divided into the First Aviation Squadron and the First Marine Aeronautic Company. In the air, as well as on regular service, they still conformed to the idea that a marine is half a soldier and half a sailor, because they trained in army planes on an army airfield, although under the control of the Navy.

While his boys were training, Major Cunningham went to France to study conditions. He came to the conclusion that his Marine aviation could operate efficiently as land-based bomber squadrons to fight the U-boat menace. On his return to America he recommended that four Marine Corps squadrons operate as a day wing of the proposed naval bombing group to be stationed in the vicinity of Calais. In July, 109 officers and 657 marines sailed from Miami and landed at Brest.

They went without planes. On arrival, the pilots received advanced training with the Royal Air Force and the French fliers. Cunningham was just as anxious to get the men into action as his men were to go, and soon Marine Corps officers were flying over the German lines in British planes. Said an R.A.F. pilot who messed with the Marines: "These fellows are amazing. They're always wanting to fight. They even want to fly in bad weather." This spontaneous tribute from a conservative young Englishman speaks for itself.

In October, 1918, some American planes arrived and the flying marines went into action on their own. The first all-Marine raid over enemy lines took place on October

13, 1918. It was an unqualified success and the unit settled to its task of blasting the German submarine bases along the Belgian coast.

About that time, the German line began to break. The enemy retreated so fast that the Marines found themselves without a target. They immediately attached themselves to the A.E.F. General Pershing, however, assigned the unit to the British Army, and again Uncle Sam's flying Marines went into action with the R.A.F. R.A.F. old-timers remember these Marine Corps lads and speak of them with respect. The R.A.F. had much in common with the Marines. It had recently been formed out of the British Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps. It was a young force with men from all parts of the world and all classes, some sailors and some soldiers, all flying madmen. The Marines and the R.A.F. flew wing-tip to wing-tip and got on better perhaps than any other armed forces of the two nations.

To the Marines fell the task of bombing rear area targets to hinder the retreat of the German army. They worked consistently and carried out raid after raid behind the German lines. The job was a tough one. It was the first taste of mobile warfare as affecting an air force. The Germans were retreating swiftly. To keep in contact the Marines had to move up and take over abandoned airfields. Moving put a severe strain on transport. Often the planes arrived but were grounded for days waiting for fuel and bombs. The Marines carried on miraculously, however, under the greatest difficulties. In one raid, they distinguished themselves by shooting down four German planes at the cost of one of their own, which was forced down in Holland.

One engagement demonstrated the versatility of the Corps. A French battalion was cut off by the Germans for

several days. The Marine commander volunteered to feed them. The French did not think it was possible but accepted. Day after day, the Marine fliers braved the German fire and scout planes by flying across the lines and dropping down large quantities of food to the besieged garrison. On one of these raids, a Marine Corps pilot shot down a German scout machine.

Wherever the Marines are in action, there are heroes. Talk to a marine on a matter like this and you'll find him extremely modest. He feels that decorations are not things to be talked about, because all marines fight their best. Like all other marines, fliers are imbued with that tradition of the Service which makes them last-stand fighters from the start.

The leading Marine air ace of the first World War was Second Lieutenant Ralph Talbot of the Northern Bombing Group. Talbot enlisted in the Navy on October 26, 1917. His friends described him as a friendly, serious fellow. Talbot evidently had the stuff Marines are made of. By January, 1918, he had risen to be a chief quartermaster, and in April he became an ensign. Three weeks later he became a lieutenant in the Marines. He arrived in France on August 1, and then began one of those sagas of heroism found so often in the history of the Marines. Major Cunningham liked young Talbot. There was something about the boy that was all-American, all man, and all fighter. His serious mien promised great things. The Major chose Talbot for special assignments. His first was to escort a do-or-die daytime bombing mission. The railway station at Thielt had to be destroyed. German opposition was strong, but the bombers had to get through. In those days, the escorting of bombers was not a regular job. Usually fighter-plane squadrons hunted alone and engaged enemy fighters, but Major Cunningham decided to escort his

bombers with one two-seater fighter. He chose Talbot. The squadron set off at dawn and reached their objective through a hail of anti-aircraft fire. On the way home trouble showed up — a circus of nine Fokker triplanes, the most deadly machine the Germans had in the air at the time. The enemy planes came roaring out of the clouds to destroy the lumbering bombers. Talbot opened his throttle and went up to engage the enemy. He fought the most astonishing one-man battle. Instead of engaging the leading enemy plane singly as was customary practice, he began to circle round the formation in a series of steep climbs and vertical dives, just as a stunt pilot at an aviation meeting might entertain the crowd. His mad attacks and wild rushes completely unnerved the German pilots. So swift were his maneuvers that the Germans had not been able to fire a useful shot. Talbot continued his deadly horseplay until his bombers were out of range. Then, his airplane screaming like a fury, Talbot proceeded to give the Germans a lesson in combat. One of the Fokkers had been separated from the formation in trying to get a bead on him. He dove on this machine like a hawk, his front gun barking. Then he turned sharply to give his rear gunner a perfect target. The Lewis gun spattered, and the Fokker turned over and went down in flames. Talbot then charged through the rest of the Germans, scattering them right and left. Before they could recover he was heading for home. He had done a brilliant piece of work. He had not only shot down a German plane and damaged others, but had saved twelve valuable Marine bombers.

His next task was to escort a number of heavy bombers to bomb the Belgian town of Pitthem, an important ammunition dump. Twelve enemy scout planes sighted the formation. Talbot was flying high above his bombers. When he saw the Germans, he flew down and signaled to

the bomber pilots to turn for home. Then he wheeled his ship, a D. H. 4, and gave battle. The Germans split into two formations to trap the marine. Talbot had a trick or two. The moment the Fokker pilots got into position for attack he tipped his left wing and slid down in a powerdive sideslip, from which he straightened out and climbed up under the bellies of the enemy firing with his front gun, always turning in time to give his rear gunner a chance to give several hits. Again the Germans formed up for a kill. Talbot got into the shelter of a cloud, looped, and came down behind the formation. His gunner, Lieutenant Robinson, got the bead on the rear Fokker and down it went. Simultaneously, as one German plane dove broadside at Talbot's plane, Talbot cleverly kicked his rudder, swinging his plane to give his gunner a clear shot. The Lewis gun jammed, as the German pilot turned to pour a fusillade into the cockpit. Lieutenant Robinson's left arm was smashed. In spite of this wound, he stood up in the cockpit and began to fix the gun. This was a sign for the Germans that the machine was helpless. They came in close like dogs worrying a deer. They pounced on the D. H. 4 in a whirling mass, their guns stuttering in unison. It seemed like sudden death. Talbot did not run. He coolly dove through his enemies and pulled up underneath one Fokker. A burst from his front guns sent the machine down in a spin. The ten remaining excited and angry Huns leaped down for a kill. The D. H. 4 was ripped from nose to tail with lead. Poor Robinson was wounded again in the hip and stomach, just as he had got his gun working. Talbot banked sharply and gave another burst of fire at a Fokker who was attacking him head on. As the German pilot broke away, his engine smoking, Talbot put his plane into a vertical dive. The Germans followed in a string, with their Spandau guns spitting. Once, Talbot

shook them off by pulling out of the dive into a climbing turn to the right, from which he straightened out to continue toward the British lines. Soon he was over the battlefields, flying at fifty feet, with three of the Germans hedge-hopping after him. Finally, the Huns gave up and Talbot landed safely on his airfield.

In other scrapes the flying marine continued to distinguish himself. Once when six enemy single-seaters attacked him, he shot down one and scared away the others. Then his motor failed, and he glided to land just behind the lines.

A few days later he took off on another patrol. He had gained operational altitude and attacked a German plane, when his motor spluttered and gave out. He landed in a field, corrected the error, and took off again. Again the motor failed. He landed successfully, cleared the stoppages in his gas supply, and took off, but this time the motor conked out altogether when he was a few hundred feet in the air, and he landed in a bomb dump. His ship burst into flames and he met a horrible death.

Today Lieutenant Ralph Talbot, who was decorated posthumously with the Congressional Medal of Honor, is commemorated by the Navy, who named a destroyer after him.

While these marines were flying inland the First Aeronautic Company, accompanied by a company of gunners with seven-inch guns, were on duty at the Azores. Within a few weeks after their arrival, they had organized submarine patrols, making an average of thirty-one scouting flights a week using eighteen planes.

The Marine Aviation Corps came out of World War I with a queer assortment of airplanes, some D. H. 4B's and single-engine seaplanes and a few Curtiss trainers. It was decided to continue with the Aviation Section and head-

quarters were settled at Quantico, with a smaller aviation field at Parris Island, South Carolina. Later a contingent of the Marine Aviation was sent to San Diego, while pilots were trained at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida.

In the years that followed World War I, the flying leathernecks saw action in many parts of the world. A Marine aviation squadron went to Haiti to assist in restoring peace in the Republic, which was engaged in civil war. Another went to the Dominican Republic to help carry on the war against organized bandits in the eastern part of that country. In Nicaragua, Marine fliers had exciting and extensive experiences. They not only cooperated with ground troops but fought bandit groups under Sandino. Some of them were with the ground troops, while others attacked bandit camps and strafed fortified positions with bombs and machine guns.

In the year ending June, 1930, Marine aviators in Nicaragua made twelve hundred and seventy-five military flights and totaled nearly six thousand hours in the air. In addition to combat missions, they carried mail and emergency supplies to many outlying cities. They also evacuated the wounded. One of the most daring exploits was that of First Lieutenant C. F. Schilt, who went to the rescue of a Marine patrol ambushed more than a hundred miles away from hospital facilities. There was no landing field in that part of the country. The Marines demolished part of a village to make a runway which was barely long enough for the plane to take off and land. In spite of these difficulties, Schilt made several trips and evacuated many wounded men.

All Marine aviation honors, however, were not earned by fighting. In 1921, Lieutenant Colonel T. C. Turner led a flight of leatherneck pilots from Washington, D.C., to San Domingo and made the longest flight over land and water ever made by naval aviators. In 1920, Lieutenant Parker earned the Distinguished Flying Cross for his services as a test pilot with Lieutenant Byrd's expedition over the Antarctic.

Today's war has given Marine aviators their glorious chance to sweep the enemy from the skies and make themselves known as the "terrible" Marines, while their brothers on land have covered themselves with glory and covered the land they fight on with the corpses of the enemy.

The story of Wake Island will live forever in the history of war and of aviation. It is a story of a few officers and men from various Marine aviation units who battled against overwhelming odds, and lived and died, dauntless, untiring flying devils until the end.

All the stories of heroism in this war, however, are not concerned with actual fighting. Early in May, 1942, the commander of a Marine base on the Atlantic coast received a report just before midnight that survivors of a torpedoed Norwegian freighter were riding the sea in an open boat near an unlighted buoy some fifteen miles out. Flying by dead reckoning, Major John S. E. Young located the boat, directed a rescue boat to the scene, and hovered protectingly over both while the men were taken aboard.

In the records of Marine aviation there is another story of which the Corps is proud — a peacetime story. One sweltering July afternoon in 1936, four Marine flyers at the base in the Virgin Islands received a radio message relayed from Puerto Rico, which told of a sailor who had gone mad and cut his captain's throat. The message was cryptic but contained one significant phrase: "An hour gained may save his life."

That was all the marines needed to know. The trip

would be a dangerous one, for the sea was rough and landing hazardous. Within a few minutes the flying boat was gassed and the four men set out, accompanied by a naval surgeon. They were to search for the steamship *Catherine*, some hundred and forty miles out in the Caribbean.

Aided by smoke clouds from the vessel's funnels, they soon found their goal. After circling, the pilot decided to set down the amphibian. The sea was running high. Landing called for extreme skill and was more than risky. The machine glided down. Just as it was touching the surface a choppy sea caught one of its wings and spun the aircraft around. Its survival was one of those things that airmen call luck. The pilot righted the craft, and with motors running, the marines waited for the Catherine's lifeboat to edge close enough to permit transfer of the wounded man. Each time the boat got near, a wave slapped it away. The Marine officer maneuvered his plane as well as he could, but it seemed as if nothing could get the boat near enough to effect a transfer. Then a wave did the trick. It threw the small boat under the bow, and one of the marines leaned over and grabbed a rope and the wounded Captain Terrence Burrows was taken aboard.

Then came the problem of getting into the air. The sea was getting rougher, and the amphibian plane was corking up and down on the wave crests. Twice the pilot made a run, but each time he had to give up after his plane had been nearly swamped. The situation was grave. Total loss of the plane and crew threatened at any minute. The young marine at the controls decided to have another try. He swung the nose of the machine and opened his throttles. Suddenly ahead there rose a great white-tipped comber of waves. The pilot pulled his stick back, the wave struck the underside of the fuselage and the plane seemed to bounce off the top of the water. For agonizing seconds she

hung there "dripping," as one of the fliers described it, and then, safe in the air, the pilots headed the sturdy craft for Puerto Rico. Captain Burrows was delivered to hospital and recovered.

The Marines are always ready!

7 ACES OF GUADALCANAL

The battle of the Solomons gave the flying Marines their big opportunity to avenge their companions at Wake. From the opening of the Solomons campaign, the flying leathernecks have handed the Japs a constant and terrible beating, shooting down as many as thirty planes in a single day's fighting. "It is the open season for Zeros," wrote one young Marine pilot. "And they still keep coming."

From the opening of the campaign until the middle of October, 1942, the pilots of the Marine Aviation Section that landed on Guadalcanal had shot down over five hundred enemy planes. Before he left the island, one pilot, Captain J. Foss, a twenty-seven-year-old native of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, had shot down twenty-six planes, an all-American high for this war. Sixteen of his victims were the much boasted Japanese fighter planes. In one day, he knocked down six of these fast and dangerous machines. The runners up to Foss were Major John Smith (19), Captain Carl (16), Major Galer (12), and Lieutenant Colonel H. W. Bauer (10).

Flying in the Pacific is very difficult. The landing fields had to be made and defended. The pilots at Henderson Field lived a rough outdoor life, as do the other marines. Many of them grew luxurious beards, which added to their he-man appearance. They slept in dugouts and shelters or under their planes, and endured all the hardships of the



campaign, which included mosquitoes, a deadly climate, and constant danger of strafing by the enemy. The airfields were mere clearings in the dense jungle, and meals were served in the open or in the shade of the rich, lush foliage. It was an open-air life with a vengeance. The steaming atmosphere was constantly shattered by the sound of gunfire and the rattle of machine guns.

From their jungle hide-outs the deadly Wildcats roared out to meet the invading Japs. Dogfighting was the order of the day in the Solomons air battle. The Marine pilots in their sturdy machines equipped with the destructive fifty-caliber bullets tore into the Jap formations and fought close-quarter combats as did the aces of World War I. The greatest victory of all was scored during the month when twenty Jap Zeros were blasted from the skies without the loss of a single Marine aircraft. In addition to the Zeros, the leathernecks, turning in tight circles through the Jap formations, shot down one heavy bomber and sent three home with smoke pouring from their motors.

Wrote Sergeant Burman, a Marine Corps correspondent: "Our men were twisting, turning, rolling, looping, climbing, and diving like homicidal hawks run amok. They performed all the combat tricks they knew to shoot down the enemy pilots."

The Zeros came over early in the morning escorting a big formation of bombers flying at great height. Marine anti-aircraft fire on Guadalcanal was so accurate that the Jap pilots never risked getting within range. As soon as the armada was sighted, a section of Marine fliers went up in their powerful, but comparatively lightly armed, Grumman fighters. At twenty-five thousand feet, and flying out of the sun, they caught the Zero formation on the flank. Those who watched the clash describe it as

the greatest dogfight of the war in the Pacific. Within a few seconds, they saw a huge explosion right in the middle of the mass of twisting planes. A Zero had exploded when an incendiary bullet had pierced its gas tank. Then from the skies, three more planes came down, leaving plumes of black smoke behind them. Another Zero, hit squarely by a burst of fifty-caliber bullets, broke in half and came down in two flaming torches. Some of the Jap pilots took to their parachutes. One jumped and his parachute caught fire, another was caught by the tail surface of his aircraft and plummeted down with the burning wreckage of the machine.

Captain Foss, the executive officer of this squadron, commanded by twenty-seven-year-old Major Duke Davis of Chicago, had a good day. He bagged four Zeros and one bomber which he attacked when he found himself clear of the fighters. After the battle, Foss told his mates how he had worked. He decided to attack a section of three Zeros. He got the first one from behind. It burst into flames, when flying straight ahead. He got the other in the same way. The third plane dove out of reach. Ahead of him Foss saw a Zero sitting on the tail of another Grumman. Foss dove sharply, came up underneath the Jap, and shot him right out of his seat from twenty yards' range, the plane shattering into small fragments. As he was doing this, he noticed in his mirror sight that a Zero was making the mistake of passing behind him and flying broadside to his tail. Foss pulled his Grumman up on its tail, and came over in a tight loop from which he rolled into shooting position. It was a difficult shot, but his timing was perfect. He gave the Zero a burst in the right position. It rolled on its back, giving off a cloud of smoke, and went down. Foss found himself in a clear sky. All he could see was a twin-motored Jap Nagawini bomber

headed for home in the distance. He chased it and attacked from the beam. It went down. As he turned to look for more Zeros, his motor cut out. An oil line had broken. Foss succeeded in landing on his own airfield. Asked what had passed through his mind in the fight, the tall, dark-haired young captain with square jaw and steady brown eyes said, "It's a good feeling when you get them in your sights."

Foss was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross on November 9, 1942, and three days later he celebrated his decoration by getting three Japanese planes on one flight. Flying at twenty-nine thousand feet he picked off the first Zero with ease and precision. Then diving down to less than three thousand feet he shot up two Japanese torpedo bombers streaking toward American shipping and they fell into the sea in flames. Five days later this hard-working marine took to the air to meet another Jap armada and in a glorious one hour and fifteen minutes destroyed four more Zeros and disabled several more.

Joseph Foss, who was twenty-seven at the time of his becoming Marine Ace Number 1, had only been an aviator for about a year and a half. The fame and glory that he earned so painstakingly in the Pacific skies over Guadalcanal show his character. Joseph was born the son of a farmer in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. His father was killed when Foss was still very young, and from then on he had to work hard to take care of his younger brother and sister. He farmed, ran a threshing machine, became a corn-shocker and hay-baler. Everything he undertook was for the express purpose of earning a precious dollar. At one time, he was a filling-station attendant. Later, he worked in a meat market as a butcher, then in a meat-packing house. Later, he became janitor at his college and church. In his fraternity house he waited on table and washed dishes.

He obtained his B.S. in June, 1940, at the University of South Dakota, where he took the basic R.O.T.C. course. While still a student, he had applied for flight training in the Marine Corps Reserve, and as soon as he left college went to Pensacola to take flight instruction at the Naval Air Base. In April, 1942, he became a first lieutenant; in August he was promoted to captain.

Running side by side with Foss as an ace Japanese-strafer is another country boy, Major John Smith. John came from Lexington, Oklahoma, where his father was a rural mail-carrier. He was born on Christmas Day, 1914. He is a handsome six-foot and rather taciturn young man. He has behind him an outstanding educational record. He attended public school in Lexington and then obtained his B.S. in Accounting in 1936 at the University of Oklahoma. After four years of R.O.T.C. training, in which he distinguished himself as an honor student, he became a cadet lieutenant colonel. On graduation the Army gave him a reserve commission in the field artillery, but he wanted to be a marine, so in the summer of 1936 he resigned and entered the Marine Corps.

John, say his friends, has always been interested in aviation. As a boy he used to make model airplanes, and his chief interest was flying. His companions at Guadalcanal know him as a man who talks little about himself but who has a lot to say about aviation. Promoted to the rank of major while operating with the Marine Aviation group on Guadalcanal, Smith accomplished the all-time record of shooting down four Jap Zeros in fifteen minutes, which even his close rival, Captain Foss, has not been able to achieve.

Describing this adventure he related how he got the first Zero from the rear. "That fellow never knew what hit him," he said. "I watched him go down and then noticed

another Japanese attacking my wing man. I threw her around into a vertical bank and as I came 'round I got the Zero right in the sights. I let him have it, and down he went with smoke pouring from his motor. The third Zero came up under the belly of my plane. He was sewing bullets up and down the fuselage. I was glad of my armor. I dropped my nose, and went down at him head on. As I caught him in the sights, one of his bullets hit my windshield right in front of my nose but it missed me. My bullets were tearing him apart by this time and I could see huge chunks of his plane splintering all over the place. We went past each other fifteen feet apart. As I came around behind him, I looked back. He was out of control and spinning down. I saw the pilot unload, but I don't think his chute opened."

Smith was running short of gas and he had only a few rounds of ammunition left. He headed for home. As he came in over the tops of the coconut palms bordering the beach he spied another Zero, hedge-hopping along the shore. Before the Jap was aware of the presence of an enemy the young Marine pilot maneuvered his plane on top of the Zero, and opened fire. "It wasn't even a fight," he said. "I just came up behind him, pushed the button, and my bullets hit him where they hurt most. My guns went dead just as he crashed into the sea. It looked as though I had got him with my last bullet."

Smith's squadron, Fighting 23, became a legend on the island. The pilots were twenty typical American boys such as you find in every squadron, some light-hearted and noisy, some quiet and serious by nature. Marion Carl, who soon became an ace, liked to spend his spare time sleeping. "Red" Kendrick, from Harvard Law School, and Scotty McLennan enjoyed wagering how many Japs they would shoot down.

The squadron was brought to the island by carrier. On the way they worked out tactics together, compared notes, and tested their guns. Smith had already begun to run his squadron as a business organization, and the business was killing Japs. It was late in August when the carrier brought them to their destination. The squadron planes flew off in the cold dawn light and landed on the airfield that the Marines had already captured from the Japs.

As the stubby Grummans glided down on the airfield, the marines came running out to welcome them. They had been waiting and praying for days for these machines to arrive. Air support was what they most needed. The planes were quickly stored away on the edges of the airfield, and the pilots settled to listen to the instructions given them by the veterans of the island. They soon learned it was unwise to go off into the jungle alone. They had better eat and sleep as much as they could, and they would always be in danger of getting knocked off by Japanese shells.

For these young men, life on the island was to be a new experience. They were served with two blankets each, a tent, and a mosquito net, all of which had been captured from the Japs. Scarcely twenty-four hours after their arrival, Fighting 23 went into action. Four of them met six Zeros. The Zeros were higher than they were and had an advantage. Captain John Smith quickly put his months of training into action. "Come on, 23," he said over his radio as he headed his four planes toward the six Zeros. "My mouth went dry and I knew my heart was beating pretty fast," he relates. "But I got him and felt better."

In that attack one of the Grummans was hit, but the four of them had vanquished six Japanese.

Every day after this, the Marine flyers were in action.

Sometimes it was against bombers, sometimes against the Zeros, whose myth of invincibility the Marine fliers quickly exploded. There were casualties, of course. One young marine, Lieutenant Bailey, who had been married just before he left to join the squadron, shot down two Zeros that had broken through to attack Henderson Field, and then his machine went flaming into the sea. Another, Roy Cory, disappeared in the middle of a squadron of circling Zeros that he had taken on single-handed after losing his wing mate. Going was hard. One by one the young pilots went, and gradually the squadron personnel grew smaller.

Fighting 23's score of victories over the Japanese mounted faster than the squadron's losses. Smith himself soon topped his men with a score of twelve. There was good-humored competition among them over their work. One day when six of them sailed into a flight of forty Japanese planes headed for the squadron's airfield, the officers on the ground heard one say to "Red" Kendrick: "Look out, you red-haired baboon. You're shooting at my Zero!"

Conditions on Guadalcanal did not allow much rest or relaxation. The pilots were living under exactly the same conditions as the other fighting marines. In the evenings they did their best to forget the war. There was a lot of kidding. They listened to a few well-worn phonograph records, and played cards. Their only luxuries were a few bars of candy and cartons of American cigarettes delivered to them by dive-bombers from a near-by carrier. During the day the pilots who couldn't fly because of wounds or sickness spent their time washing clothes, and walking within the safe limits of their encampment.

The main attraction by way of novelty was the camp of captured Japs, each of whom the marines good-humoredly

called Charlie. One Jap was a constant laugh. Whenever he saw a marine coming near he would cry: "To hell with Tojo! I'm from Brooklyn."

Marion Carl came in for quite a lot of kidding. He had been made a captain during the action. Marine custom is that a flying officer becomes a first lieutenant after nine months' service and a captain in "fifteen minutes with his mother's permission." Mrs. Carl had not been able to give her permission, so the other pilots persisted in calling sleepy Carl "Lieutenant."

The fighting went on and the losses continued to mount. A lost pilot's personal effects were collected, inventoried, and put into a wooden box to be sent home. After one of these little boxes had been completed at night, the pilots would sit down and begin to grouse about the food (a Marine habit), about the bombing, and the shelling, to take their minds off what had happened.

"I suppose we were getting tired in a way," admitted one of the pilots to me, discussing their life. "Not one of us would admit it, of course, but everywhere there was the overpowering presence of death. You begin to notice it in those lonely spots. I imagine that everyone, however healthy he was, began to wonder who would go next.

"One night was particularly tough. We were caught by two Zeros coming out of the sun and lost two men. We had seen them go down in flames. Smith himself made a forced landing in the jungle and had to walk back about six miles. Marion Carl directed him by flying backward and forward toward Henderson Field — a fine bit of work. On the way 'Smitty' found what was left of Scotty McLennan's plane, smashed to pieces. 'Smitty' said a prayer over what was left of him and went on, and another wooden box of effects joined the others waiting to be shipped home. Later we found the other man's plane. He

was sitting up in his cockpit, his fingers on the stick. We got him out and buried him. We didn't want to talk much that night."

The morale of Fighting 23 in the air remained high. Fighting was their business, despite the cost. The squadron finished up with eight planes and nine pilots still in the service.

There is keen competition between the eager young Marine pilots in piling up a box score of Jap planes. Captain Marion E. Carl was running neck to neck with Smith in mid-September when in one engagement his plane was damaged so badly that he had to bale out. Carl, a farmer's son from Hubbard, Oregon, landed offshore in a spot separated from his base by miles of impenetrable jungle. He was pulled ashore by friendly natives, who proceeded to entertain him royally. He, however, had only one thought in his mind, to get back to his base as quickly as possible. The journey took him five days and nights. He arrived hungry, bearded, and weary and in a very anxious state of mind.

"What's Smith's score?" was the first question he fired at his commanding officer, Major General Roy S. Geiger. The General told him that Smith had sixteen planes to his credit.

Carl made a wry face. "I was away for five days, sir. Ground that guy for five to give me a chance," he pleaded.

But he soon made up for his misfortune. That night he went up and shot down three enemy planes in a hurry. Captain Carl graduated in engineering in 1938, and obtained a commission in the Army Engineer Corps Reserve. He wanted to be a marine, so he resigned his Army commission and joined the leathernecks. Then he revealed that he had learned to fly while at school, so he became an aviation cadet.

The Marine fliers had little rest from the opening of the Solomons campaign. Some days were filled with routine patrols, others were marked by big air battles in which each pilot made several flights. Toward the end of October it seemed that Fighting 23 was nearly at the end of its tether, and then a new squadron came flying in to Henderson Field to relieve the bearded young veterans. But their exit from Guadalcanal was to be glorious and decisive. Orders came through for the remaining eight planes to act as fighter protection to a group of torpedo planes and dive-bombers going out to attack the Japanese fleet that was approaching Guadalcanal. The boys, led by Smith, took up their position as rear cover to the torpedo planes and flew north.

Suddenly out of the blue came fifteen Zero float planes, swooping down like hungry hawks. Smith saw the attackers as they settled to the rear of the Grummans. "A suicide squad, boys," he said quietly. "We'll give 'em what they want."

He turned his squadron away from the main formation and the eight Grummans streaked up toward the slower Jap planes. A Zero, or any plane with floats, is at a disadvantage because of the drag created by the floats.

"Each take a target, boys," called Smith. "We'll give these Japs something to remember our last day."

With their fifty-caliber guns barking the eight Marine pilots tore into the formation. When they rendezvoused to the west, nine of the Zeros were burning. Five of the parachutes were still dropping seaward.

Before the squadron left the island, a party of marines arrived at the squadron ready tent. They were carrying a tray. On it was a chocolate cake made by the Marine cook. Written in white icing were the words, "To V.M.F. 223 [the Navy official title for the Marine squadron] from



Rocky's Raiders." No Marine fliers could ask for a better tribute.

The squadron went back diminished in numbers, tired, but contented. In a month and a half, they had shot down ninety-five planes without even bothering to count the probables. They had slapped the Japs harder than anyone could have imagined possible. Smith had totaled nineteen planes, more than any other flier in this war up till then, and "Sleepy" Marion Carl had totaled sixteen. It had been worth while.

Smith's record was later beaten by Captain Joseph Foss, whose score was officially given as twenty-six of the four hundred and fifty Japanese planes bagged on Guadalcanal. Foss's squadron got one hundred and five in their six weeks of action.

Admiral William Halsey visited Guadalcanal to see how the Marines were doing. He found them "doing fine." While there, he decorated several of the leatherneck pilots. One afternoon five of the young men were lined up to receive their Distinguished Flying Crosses. The Admiral made the usual speech, and from the edge of the ground came an audible remark, "The fliers get the crosses but the ground crews do the work." The speaker was a young officer who himself had been decorated twice. With his brother officers he wanted to put on record the work done by the Marine grease-monkeys, who keep the planes in the air.

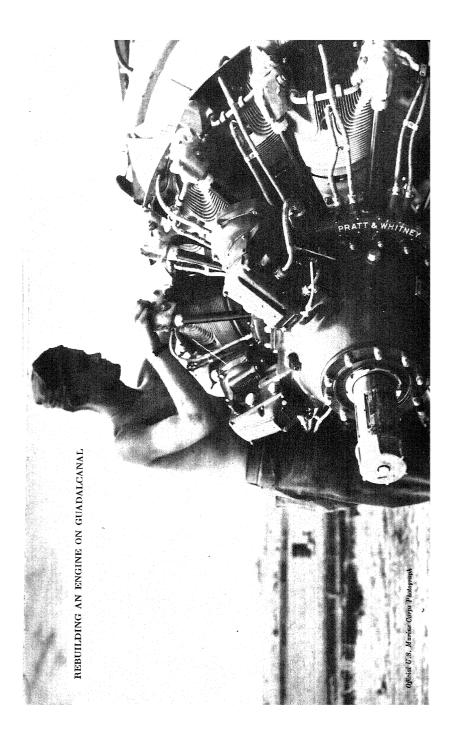
When newspaper correspondents later congratulated a flier who had just been decorated, he said: "Hell, all I do is fly. These boys of the ground crews are wonderful. They deserve all the decorations. I hope they get them!" The other officers backed him up. "We're a team," they insisted. "These fellows are doing a wonderful job to keep us fighting. We'd be lost without them."

The Marine ground crews on Guadalcanal work hard under difficult conditions, with the enemy practically at their elbows. Eighteen hours a day is no novelty for them. When action is hot and planes are being damaged in every flight, they often labor day and night, pausing only to take an occasional cat-nap. Although they are all skilled engineers, there are no union hours for them. If the average mechanic back in the U.S.A. were to have to work under such conditions he would pack up his tools and quit.

Much of their work has to be done with improvised equipment. There are no lathes, and few precision tools. If a machine needs patching, they have to make the extra "skin"; if the bearings give out, new ones must be found or manufactured. Sheet-metal work has to be done on the spot. Inventiveness is a Marine quality, and these engineers are experts in their own line. What a Marine engineer can do with a penny is one of the wonders of Guadalcanal. Give a penny to a Detroit mechanic and he would probably give it to his son for the piggy bank. Hand one to a leatherneck grease-monkey and he'll say thank you and mean it, as the copper in pennies is gold to a Guadalcanal aircraft-maintenance unit. These marines use pennies to make wrenches fit nuts for which there is not a wrench in the tool kit. The coins are filed down to make shims to tighten bearings, used as contact-breaker feelers, and pressed into service for a hundred and one other jobs.

The men in these aviation ground crews were drilled and disciplined as marines and trained at the Marine school at Chicago, before being sent overseas. Like all marines, they are fighters, and can man the guns defending the airport if called to do so. They work with their rifles by their side.

In Guadalcanal, they have done an outstanding job in keeping the machines in the air. Circumstances have never



been anything but trying, with the airfield under constant fire by the Japs. Discussing his job one of the sergeants said: "We have only one field here for the pilots to land on. Back in the States, there are emergency landing grounds. Here, we are in hostile territory, and repairs are difficult with the enemy flinging shell about, but we manage, and our flying men take the machines up and shoot down Japs. Every time we hear of a victory we are mighty pleased, because it's a sign that our work is being put to good use. That's good for morale."

A report from Guadalcanal recently gave details of a job accomplished by the engineers of one squadron. A scout bomber had come down in very bad shape from an engagement. She was hopelessly unairworthy, but nevertheless urgently needed for combat in the shortest possible time. The maintenance crew got busy within five minutes of the crippled plane's having got to the hangar, which was a clearing in the forest. The staff sergeant made an inspection and the men went to work. The engine was changed. A new left stabilizer, two elevators, and a rightstabilizer tip were fitted. A new auxiliary gas tank was put in place of the shattered one and two new flaps and a new right aileron installed. Then numerous small but equally important replacements were undertaken. These included a new windshield, new propeller, rudder tip, wheels, and brake gear. Simultaneously the skin surface of the wings was patched and a new machine gun fitted in place of one that had suffered a direct hit from a twenty-millimeter shell.

"We did it in under six days," said one of the men proudly. "And most of the job was done while Pistol Pete was dropping nuisance shells on the field. It was a tough job, too. Back home, they probably would have junked the aircraft. I'll bet that really good mechanics in the good old U.S.A. would have thrown up the job, even with all their supply of tools, but we can't afford such luxuries. Planes are our lives and that's that. This plane wasn't the only one. We've got babies flying made up of spare parts, and they're swell."

The Guadalcanal Marine fliers have given some tough blows to the Jap Navy as well as to the Nip fliers. Shortly after they landed on the island Lieutenant Colonel Richard Mangrum, a thirty-six-year-old Marine flier, struck a mighty blow for Uncle Sam. One steaming, damp August morning Mangrum was on patrol with his fighter-bomber squadron. On the surface of the ocean beneath was a flotilla of Japanese warships. Mangrum put his squadron into a steep dive, leading them through the Jap anti-air-craft fire to score several direct hits. As the squadron roared away, the pilots saw a light cruiser and a big destroyer sinking. Six others were damaged.

Mangrum says he trained himself for fourteen years for that moment. In 1928, he enlisted a private in the volunteer Marine Corps Reserve in Seattle, where he was born and reared. As soon as he got into the Marines he steered his way toward aviation. It took him just six months to gain his commission. In 1929, he won his wings. During his fourteen years of service Mangrum seems to have done a variety of jobs. He has been a flight instructor, an inspector, and an operations officer. He helped recruiting, became a ferry pilot, and filled in time taking the various education courses in the Marine Corps. When the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor Mangrum was there, helping in the defense of a flying field. After the attack he begged to be returned to flying duty, and because of his excellent record as squadron engineer officer and executive officer, he was given a squadron and sent to the Solomons, where he quickly justified his request.

One morning in August a squadron of Jap bombers and fighters made a daylight raid on the Guadalcanal airport, which the Marines had captured after the Japs had built it for themselves. A squadron of Marine fliers flying several miles from the airport was warned of the approach of the armada, one of the biggest seen over the area. The Japs obviously intended to make the precious airport unusable. Lieutenant Robert MacLeod, a former Dartmouth All-American football player, led the Marine attack on the first group of nine enemy bombers. Diving underneath the escort of Zero fighters, the ex-football player opened with a beam attack. "We dove on them from above, and let them have it at close quarters. It was easy, just like shooting at sleeve targets. I can't say how many I hit."

On that same run, Lieutenant J. H. King of Boston drew first blood. "I got a twin-engined bomber in my sights," he said. "He was tagging along on the tail of the formation like a fat and happy goose. My fire caught him amidships, and he burst into fragments. I saw the air gunner shaking his fist and screaming as the plane went to pieces. As I pulled out, the Zeros hit us and for a few seconds the sky was full of them. The going was heavy, so I ducked into a cloud, and then went in again. In the meantime, Lieutenant MacLeod had downed two of the bombers, and the formation had been broken. Warning was given from the ground that another group of bombers was heading for the airport from another direction. Off went another group of Marine 'Wildcats.' Not one of the bombers got to the airport. Lieutenant Ken Frasier of Burlington, New Jersey nailed two of them with two bursts of fifty-caliber fire "

In that same mixup Sergeant J. D. Lindley of Clovis, New Mexico, got his revenge for having been shot down by a Zero the week before. Selecting a Zero from the pack, he cleverly maneuvered the machine out of formation and engaged him in single combat. The Jap pilot did not last long. Lindley got him with a heavy burst of fire, and he went down in flames. To his rescue came another Zero pilot. Lindley went up in a swift climb and dove at the newcomer. His aim was good and the fighter slipped away out of battle. "Boy, do I feel good?" laughed the sergeant as he climbed out of his plane.

Lieutenant Rivers J. Morrell of Los Angeles had the longest chase of that day. After shooting down one Jap fighter he went in pursuit of a big bomber and for an hour chased it all 'round the sky. In order to avoid him, the enemy pilot brought his huge craft down to within twenty-five feet of the ocean and headed for the open sea. Morrell went after him, although the Jap gunners were blazing away and the sea below gave him very little chance to pull out of a dive from the angle necessary to hit a vital spot. He succeeded in making the kill and the bomber went nose first into the ocean, throwing up a great plume of water.

While these actions were in progress, some of the enemy bombers managed to get to the airfield and drop a dozen bombs. The only damage inflicted was to an overturned truck that had been captured from the Japs. Then three Zeros flew low over the field and attempted to strafe the gun emplacements. Only one of them got away. The Marine gunners blew the others to pieces by concentrated fire. When the battle was over, the Marines counted the score. The enemy had lost five twin-engined bombers, five single-engined bombers, and eleven Zero fighters. Two Marine planes were lost and one was missing.

On November 11, the Marines celebrated their birthday by knocking down thirteen enemy planes and damaging several others. The fighting was desperate, and the United States fliers were outnumbered seven to one. At the end of the day, seven of the Marine planes were missing, but not all of their pilots were lost. In these combats, the Marines had the advantage over the Japs, since, in most cases, the pilots who baled out were rescued from the sea, or made their way back to the base with the help of the friendly natives.

One of the strangest stories of the campaign is that of Major Jack Randolf Cram of Seattle. If there is anything unorthodox required in battle, you can count on a marine. To Major Cram goes the distinction of accomplishing in a masterly way something he had never attempted before. It was just a matter of sinking a Japanese vessel with a torpedo from an out-of-date plane that was not intended for such work.

This is how Major Cram tells the story. "We could see those Japanese transports from the airdrome — out there unloading in daylight! That's what got us. I'd never dropped a torpedo before — never been in combat — and my crew — they're really tops — had never fired their guns in any kind of fight, but when the General wanted us to go after those ships with torpedoes, we said O.K.

"Now, I'm no torpedo man. I asked 'How high?' and then 'What speed?' and everything else I could think of and learned all I know about torpedoes in about five minutes.

"We took off at 10.30 A.M. and circled out past the Jap destroyers. All six transports were lined up nicely close in toward the beach, still unloading. We got up to several thousand feet, and fifteen Zeros up there were ready to hit us. We went into a dive. I watched the needle go past a hundred knots, but couldn't keep my eyes on it because I had a lot of other things to do. You see, I didn't have a co-pilot — there weren't enough fliers there for that. We were diving fast. I had to keep going to get there when the dive-bombers did. I glanced at the needle, and I

was afraid to look at the wings of the tail. We got down to a hundred feet, then seventy-five — and then I let the torpedoes go. I don't know how far we were from the ships — just close enough not to miss 'em, that's all I know. I had the transports in front of me, with their bows overlapping, when I let go.

"Then things began to get hot. The Zeros had followed us down and were letting us have it. At least five came after us and my crew had the guns going. I could see Zeros putting bursts into the tails of our dive-bombers on the way down.

"Anti-aircraft fire from the destroyers and transports was heavy and with that, plus the Zeros, I really had to do some maneuvering to get out. It was a green crew, and I didn't want to get them killed. I made a flipper turn — a sharp bank that puts the wings perpendicular to the ground — and got back to the field. It's a good thing the field wasn't far, because our fuel tanks were both shot up and one was leaking badly."

When Major Cram got back, the Navy torpedo expert greeted him with a broad grin. "You're quite a guy," he said. "You did it just right, and it takes years to teach a man to use a torpedo."

"You don't know the Marines," cracked a bystander. "Who d'ya think we are? Sailors?"

Major Cram and his crew certainly had a charmed life. The little amphibian plane was riddled with bullets. Both wings were peppered. The tail was damaged by two twenty-millimeter shells from the Zero guns, one propeller blade was shot through, and both fuel tanks were riddled. One oil tank had three gaping rents in its side, and a tire was flat. Several bullets had pierced the navigator's compartment, and the hull had about fifty bullet and shell holes. "The strange thing about it was that not

one of us was scratched," says Major Cram. "It certainly was good fun while it lasted."

The Guadalcanal campaign brought many adventures to the Marine pilots. One of them, Lieutenant Richard Ronald Amerine, had a thrilling escape after he had parachuted into the sea from the north end of Guadalcanal. Young Amerine, a twenty-three-year-old graduate of the University of Kansas, took off from Henderson Airfield early on August 31. He was on offensive patrol when an enemy bullet struck his oxygen supply. He was at such an altitude that he blanked out completely. When he came to, his machine was in a tight spin, and he could not see where he was. After trying without success to bring the plane under control, he decided to attempt a parachute jump. To get out of a machine spinning is next to impossible, but Amerine with typical Marine ingenuity managed to push back the hood of the cockpit and throw himself into space. To do this, he braced his legs against the seat of the plane and jumped. To his relief he missed the wheeling tail by a few inches. When he was clear, he pulled his rip cord and the parachute opened. He passed out again. When he regained his senses he was falling smack into the ocean on the northwest tip of Guadalcanal. He managed to free himself of his chute and clothing and began to swim. He estimates he was four miles from shore. Late that afternoon he dragged himself up a sandy beach and collapsed.

"I must have lain there for about an hour," he says. "Then I heard noises, so I made for the bush. I hadn't gone but a little way when I saw ten men in uniform. I thought they were American marines and began to hail them. All of a sudden they started yelling in Japanese. I ducked into the bush again. Why they didn't come to look for me I'll never know."

With nightfall, he decided to make his way toward the American lines. He took a path that led south along the shoreline. He was barefoot and almost naked. He walked for a few miles, when he came across a Japanese soldier resting at the side of a trail. Amerine picked up a huge rock and brought it down on the head of the Japanese. "When I started off again," he says, relating his story with a grin, "I was wearing Japanese shoes and the Jap's pants, which were much too small for me, and carrying a very useful pistol and an ammunition belt."

All the next day, Amerine lay low. At dusk he was drinking from a stream when a patrol of Japanese fired at him. One bullet made a hole in the pants, that was all. Amerine dived into the jungle. Through that night and part of the next day he walked in the direction he thought led to the American lines. To his dismay, he found he had been traveling in a circle, a fate which often awaits those unused to jungle navigation.

"I was getting hungry," he says, "so I ate ants, snails, and a few berries. Gosh, what you will think of when you are hungry! Sometime that day, I came across a native village. A dog came out. It was a nice dog. It suddenly occurred to me that dog was good to eat. I dared not fire, and tried to induce him to come near so that I could catch him, for I was so hungry. But I guess out there dogs are used to being eaten. He just shook his head and made off."

On the afternoon of the third day the young flier reached the coast again and found he was still north of Cape Esperance, forty miles north of Kukum.

"I found a path that led along the coast," he says, "and started to follow it. I hadn't gone far when I came across a funny-looking little Japanese bearing a canteen. He was coming toward me. I suppose I was half-crazed, but I suddenly decided I had to have that canteen. Feeling very

determined I stepped into the grass beside the trail and waited till he got near. I was just about to crown the little devil when I saw he was being followed by about ten or twelve armed men. I froze and kept quiet. They passed by without seeing me. It was terrible. They were all carrying pieces of meat and yams. I was nearly mad with hunger, but I dared not go for them. All that night I stayed in the jungle. Sometimes the Japs came quite near me, but they never found me."

The next day he made a third attempt to get on his route. This was no more successful than the others, and once he almost bumped into seventy-five Japanese with rifles. One of them was so close to him that their arms all but touched.

On the fifth day he came to a group of houses surrounded by Japanese. That evening he crawled out on his belly and managed to steal some food. Then he had what he describes as the closest shave of the trip. He was making his way along the beach when he heard a Japanese sentry calling, "Halt."

"There was a lot of coral on the beach," he said, "and my feet were getting terribly cut. When that fellow yelled I froze in my tracks. About a hundred yards away I could see the sentry. He yelled again. I knew darn well he was challenging me, so I yelled a lot of cuss words back in what I thought was a Jap tone and waved my arms to make him think I was a Jap. Then I started working toward some coconuts piled up. I expected to be shot any moment. However, when I got to the palms nothing happened. I immediately got down and started crawling through the grass. I hadn't gone far when I felt that somebody was following me. Looking over my shoulder I saw the sentry crawling along behind me about thirty yards away. The Japanese pistol I had wouldn't hit anything at more than a short distance, so I waited and let

him get up close. I slowed up - still crawling as though I didn't know he was following me. When I guessed he was about five yards away I turned around, put the pistol to his chest and pulled the trigger. The explosion blew him over backward. After that all the Japs in the area woke up. They came running here and there, but no one seemed to know where to look for me. I just lay down behind a log and presently two of them walked over and sat down a few feet from me. One of them lit a cigarette. They were talking, probably about home. I knew I would have to do something as it would soon be dawn and then I wouldn't have a chance. I got up and took a swing at the nearest one with the pistol. He went down and lay still. Then I got the other. I left them there and set off along the coast path. I knew I was getting near home because every now and then I could see an American plane. By this time I was in pretty bad shape. The Japanese shoes were torn to shreds and the nails were sticking into my feet, also I was getting more than hungry.

"I think it was the seventh day that I met my last Jap. I was plodding along, not caring much which way I was going when I saw him ahead of me. He must have heard me because he whirled around and took a shot at me. The bullet went past my ear. I dived into the bush expecting him to come and look for me, but he made no effort. About noon I ran into a Marine outpost. I was in a hell of a state, all dazed, and I don't know what happened then, but I guess those marines were the best sight I ever saw."

MARINE FLIERS AT MIDWAY

MARINE aviators played a big part in the American victory at Midway, and helped to spread a trail of fire, death, and destruction among the Japanese ships and planes. Although outnumbered four to one, the Marine fliers shot down forty-three Japanese Zero fighters and many bombers.

Said Colonel C. J. Sweeney, Commander of a United States Army Air Corps Flying Fortress squadron that took part in the battle: "The unbelievable devotion of the Marines — both on the ground and in the air — to their duty was an example to us. The Marines are even better than their press releases. America should be proud of them."

The Colonel related how one Marine flier was unable to retract the wheels of his plane after taking off and so could not fight. Rather than fly away from the battle area, he hung around at about fifty feet from the water until a Zero fighter got on his tail. He then gave the plane the gun and flew it into the range of anti-aircraft guns, which immediately shot the Zero down. Later he accomplished the same thing with another Jap.

"Before the fight started," related the Colonel, "we were yarning with the Marine dive-bomber pilots over what we were all going to do with the Japs. The marines were talking as these fellows will. 'We'll cripple every one of their carriers,' they said, 'then you go in and sink them.'

"They were not boasting. These Marine pilots had hit every single carrier they had sighted. When we got back from our attack on the Jap fleet, Midway Island had been bombed. Many of the marines had been killed, but the survivors were the coolest and most determined bunch of men I have ever seen."

There were only two Marine squadrons at Midway when the Jap armada made its sensational attempt to conquer the Hawaiian area. They were a fighting squadron and a scout bombing squadron. The aerial defense of Midway was entrusted to twenty-five Grumman fighter planes of the fighting squadron. The first attack was made by over a hundred enemy bombers and fighters. The marines sailed into the Japs. At the end of the short, sharp engagement they had lost thirteen planes and accounted for fifty of the enemy. Their pugnacious fighting had so blunted the Japanese attack that the Midway airfield was not put out of action. Only seventeen of thirty Jap bombers got anywhere near the island.

In the meantime, the two-seater dive-bombers of the scout bombing squadron had taken the offensive. They attacked the Jap ships in the face of the most severe anti-aircraft fire. According to eyewitness accounts, the amount of flack that the Japs threw up over their vessels made it seem impossible that any planes could survive.

Some did. Out of the eighty-four Marine pilots and gunners, thirty-eight were listed as missing and seventeen were wounded. The Marines' score was counted by direct hits on every enemy aircraft-carrier and battleship attacked. Some were badly damaged, if not actually sunk.

Two outstanding feats of valor marked the battle. Major Lofton R. Henderson, a twenty-nine-year-old Marine flier of Cleveland, Ohio, was pilot of one of the dive-bombers that sighted a Japanese battleship. As he

went down to attack, he told his squadron companions, "I'm going to take it close." The Japanese brought every available gun to bear on him as he neared his target. Henderson called to his squadron mates, "I'm all right" and deliberately flew his flaming dive-bomber onto the Japanese carrier, where it hit the control "island" and was blown to fragments as its bombs exploded.

Next to Henderson in the squadron attack was twentyfour-year-old Captain Richard E. Fleming of St. Paul, Minnesota. Fleming, who has French and Irish blood in his veins, joined the Marines almost by accident. One night in December, 1938, a college chum asked him if he would come along to a building where the Army Flying Board was holding a physical examination for the Air Corps. Fleming decided to take the examination to see if he was fit, and was one of nine men who passed out of two hundred applicants. Later, when he was given a commission in the Infantry Reserve, he decided that he wanted to fly with the Marines and arrived at Pensacola, Florida, for flight instruction. While there, although he was a brilliant student, Fate nearly stepped in to check his aviation career. With some men, flying is like swimming — it comes to them all at once after many hours of struggling. One day Fleming wrote to his brother saying that he flew so badly his instructor was afraid to fly with him. "I've lost the hang of everything," he wrote. "If I don't have more on the ball than I have now, I'll flunk out."

Later he regained his confidence and was attached to the Naval Air Station at San Diego, California. His friends describe young Richard as a perfect physical specimen, six feet four inches tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed, easygoing, and affable. Ten days after Pearl Harbor, Fleming flew to Midway and in May, 1942, he was promoted to captain and executive officer of the squadron.

What may have passed through young Fleming's mind as he saw his squadron leader flying into the Japanese carrier in flames we shall never know, save perhaps that it sharpened his determination to do a typical Marine job. The Navy considers that fifteen hundred feet is the lowest altitude to which a dive-bomber can go and still have a fair chance of getting safely away through the zone of the ship's defensive fire. Fleming deliberately set his bomb mechanism to explode when dropped from only a few hundred feet and he flew through the barrage of Japanese fire and dropped his bombs from three hundred feet, emerging with only two minor wounds, although his plane was riddled with bullet holes.

When his squadron companions congratulated him on his action, he passed it off lightly, saying, "Aw, it was nothing; I wanted to make sure."

On the second flight that day Fleming's squadron was temporarily broken up and he was lost. Late in the evening he returned to his base, having flown through total darkness and bad weather. He landed safely with a thimbleful of gas in his tank, made his reports, and took four hours' sleep.

Before dawn next day he was up attending Mass. Afterward he wrote to his mother to say that he had taken Holy Communion and he was all right. Then he took off to lead his squadron's second division in a dive-bombing attack on an enemy battleship.

This time he again set his bombs to explode at four hundred to five hundred feet as he went in. He was met by a hail of fire from large- and small-caliber guns. That did not prevent him from scoring a grazing hit on the carrier. His bomb burst near the stern, near enough to do severe damage. Fleming's plane was seen to fall into the sea a few yards away from the stricken Japanese vessel. The



brave young marine was decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor and became the fourth Marine flier to receive this decoration in the history of Marine aviation.

Presenting what he termed "the finest medal in all the world" to Fleming's mother, Mrs. Michael E. Fleming of St. Paul, President Roosevelt read the citation for "extraordinary heroism and conspicuous intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty, in keeping with the highest tradition of the United States naval service."

Said one of Fleming's squadron mates: "It was a magnificent piece of flying. That fellow was certainly cooking with gas."

Captain Marion Carl, one of the Guadalcanal aces, also distinguished himself in the battle of Midway and was awarded the Gold Star for shooting down three Japanese Zeros.

"We came across three divisions of fighters of about five planes each," said Carl. "Each division was covering about the same number of bombers. We sighted several other formations, and it seemed as if there were about fifty bombers in the vicinity, and there were four of us.

"Captain John Cary, who comes from Hayfield, Minnesota, got the first Zero and I think he got the other, but he was wounded in the legs and the last I saw of him was when he was flying toward Midway with a couple of Zeros on his tail. I decided to dive to protect him, but the Zero got between us and I gave him a burst which I think settled him. I then went down nine thousand feet and got away with the pack, still hoping to pick up Cary. I suddenly saw a fighter follow and I dove at him and got him quite easily, but two of his pals were on my tail and the tracer bullets were shooting past me. I managed to slip away and then got one in the sides, but my guns jammed, so I had to dive into clouds. When I got back I found that Cary

had crash-landed at Midway, so we were feeling pretty good."

In this battle, the Jap planes came in swarms and went back in fragments. They attacked constantly. Second Lieutenant R. A. Cory of Santa Ana, California, who was officially credited with shooting down two planes, had just refueled after patrol when a squadron of Japanese planes came over. He and his wing man immediately took off.

"We got up to eight thousand feet when we ran into a rat race," related Cory. "There were about eight Japanese planes milling round. It was difficult to miss them. My wing mate got two Japs in a few seconds, and I managed to shoot down one of those who was chasing him.

"He then dove on the Japs below us. I followed. As I went in one of the Zeros got on my tail. His bullets were hitting me somewhere, but not doing any damage. I opened fire on a dive-bomber directly below me and saw it go down in flames. It was all over very quickly.

"During the engagement, a six-plane Marine formation encountered thirty Japanese bombers accompanied by fighters and gave battle, although severely outnumbered. Captain Herbert T. Merrill of Arlington, Massachusetts, led the attack.

"We got into position for an overhead attack, which is our favorite," he said, "and made our first pass at them. Several went down. They were fighting back, however, and three of them got after me. My plane was so badly shot up that I lost an aileron and so I told the boys I was going to try and make for home. I was heading for Midway Reef and wondering whether I should bail out when another Zero came along and gave me all he had. My gasoline tank blew up. The explosion threw me out of the plane. I was about two thousand feet up. I opened my parachute and just managed to make a landing on the

water, about two miles from the reef. About three hours later I was picked up by a boat."

Many of the marines taking part in the attack were shot down and rescued after being many hours in the water. Private Gordon McFeeley of Oakland, California, was drifting more than forty hours in an open boat. McFeeley was tail gunner in a dive-bomber which went in to attack one of the Japanese carriers.

"We were being bounced backward and forward by their anti-aircraft fire," recalled McFeeley. "Just as we leveled off, the plane lurched over from what must have been a direct hit. My pilot brought her back to her course and our bombs scored a near miss. I was so excited seeing the bomb graze the side of the carrier that I forgot we were in trouble. As I looked back, I noticed that the plane immediately behind us had scored a direct hit on the superstructure on top of the carrier. If there were any Jap admirals in that superstructure which it hit, they didn't live to write about it. It was just a mess of burned metal.

"By this time I realized we were in trouble. Something was wrong with the gas supply and the engine began to falter. We were suddenly alone in the sky except for eight Zeros with definitely hostile intents. They came at us first one by one and then all together. I riddled three of them in the first attack but I couldn't see them crash. The pilot was doing a wonderful job and he managed to get the old crate up to the clouds, where we could take some cover. Another Zero got on our tail. I gave him something to remember, and then while I was changing an ammunition drum, another Zero came swooping in from behind and after getting our range with his tracer bullets he opened up with his twenty-millimeter cannon. The first shell burst somewhere down below and hit my right leg. Then I got some machine-gun bullets in my left arm. It began to bleed

badly. That made me mad. I suppose it is the Irish in me. I finished loading the gun and gave the Jap a long burst in his engine. Then I put another into his belly as he pulled away and down he went.

"We were then properly in trouble. The motor stopped suddenly and the pilot warned me to get ready for a crash landing. I covered with my good arm and waited. We hit the water and caused quite a splash. It looked as if we were going under, but the plane floated until we had got out the life raft. Then our last little trouble started.

"We drifted all night, not daring to send up a signal in case we should attract the attention of the Japanese, but on the second night, after midnight, we heard the unmistakable noise of one of our Fortresses. We lit a flare and waited. The Fortress came right down and circled so low that we figured the pilot could almost see us. It then flew away. At about five o'clock in the morning we saw a happy sight — a Navy PBY, but it flew over about eight miles away and didn't see us. We had only one flare left. We decided to use it as a smoke signal. The plane did not see us and we had the awful disappointment of seeing it disappear into a cloud, but after a few minutes it came back and landed. The pilot was a swell guy. He made one of those wonderful landings in a very difficult sea and collected not only ourselves but the life raft, our parachutes, and the rest of our gear. The good old Navy spirit!

"Taking off was quite an adventure. We had to lie down while he made his take-off. We got in the air after what seemed the longest, bumpiest run I have ever experienced. Yes, Midway was quite a show. All we want now — another. Only bigger and better!"

9 HEROES OF GUADALCANAL

THE Marines fought five months of almost continuous action on Guadalcanal, a dark, dank, jungle-covered island where they faced more than fifteen thousand Japs, to say nothing of mosquitoes, fleas, snakes, and everything that can harass civilized man. When they left, some ten thousand of the enemy had been killed, and those who remained, and who have now been eliminated by the United States Army, held only a small portion of the island. These large losses were attendant upon Jap attempts to reinforce the island with fifty thousand or more men.

For four and a half months a tattered and faded American flag flew day and night over Henderson Field, the airport the Marines had taken from the Japs. Major General A. A. Vandegrift, commander of the Marine forces on the Solomons, had ordered the flag to be flown twenty-four hours a day, because it stood as a symbol of America to those fighting marines, who knew that while the flag was there, everything would be all right. That flag was bombed by hundreds of enemy planes. Machine-gun bullets from Jap Zeros strafing the airport whistled round it, submarines came off the coast at night and lobbed shells at it. It flew triumphantly through a four-and-a-half-hour shelling by Jap battleships that were using fourteen- and eight-inch shells.

On Christmas Day, 1942, when the Marines had "the

situation well in hand," it was decided that the enemy was using the flag for range-finding and bomb-sighting. The tattered bunting was therefore hauled down with full honors and stowed away in a sea-chest to be brought back to America and preserved with many other Marine trophies.

Before the Marines left Guadalcanal they taught the Jap a healthy respect for American leathernecks. Captured documents revealed that the Japanese had renamed the island "Death Island," and also that the Japanese soldiers thought the Americans had machine guns "with electric eyes and artillery timed with automatic sights."

American gratitude for the prowess of the young marines and their achievements was expressed months later by President Roosevelt's citing the entire First Marine Division for heroism — a rare honor, and one richly deserved.

Major General Vandegrift described the fighting on Guadalcanal as being just like Indian wars. "You can go back to history," he said, "and you will find that only guns have been improved and a few gadgets added such as airplanes and undersea craft. Our men worked all day and fought all night. Their work consisted of improving positions and bringing up supplies. The Japanese prefer to make their air and land attacks mostly at night. We once had meals three times a day, but immediately the Japanese discovered this good old American habit, they sent their planes to pay us a short visit during noon. After that we decided to cut out lunch and we ate at eight in the morning and four in the afternoon.

"We found the Japanese a tough, brave enemy. They gloried in being able to kill our men just as they snuffed themselves out. Most of the five hundred or more prisoners we took were Japanese workmen or soldiers who had been knocked senseless before being taken. The jungle

fighting was considerably confused. Our Marines were fighting on five fronts at once. Once what we thought to be our rear turned out to be a very active front overnight. The toughest part of the whole engagement was during the first seventy-two days, when our troops were subjected to heavy bombings every day. As soon as we obtained control of the air, the enemy planes would sometimes appear only once a week."

General Vandegrift said that the mid-October bombardment of the American positions by the Japanese warships was the most severe test to which men could be subjected. "It would be silly to say that anybody could be bombed by fourteen-inch and eight-inch shells for two hours and forty-five minutes and come out of it like a motion picture. It left us stunned — a bit stunned — for a day or two, but we came through."

The Marines soon found that the Japanese did the most extraordinary things. Sometimes they would fight to the last man, sometimes they would run. At other times they would commit suicide. Colonel Leroy P. Hunt, who has served twenty-six years in the Marine Corps, said the most astonishing thing he ever saw was when two hundred crack Japanese jungle troops, whom the Marines had surrounded on the beach, waded out to sea to escape capture.

"We had killed most of them," he said. "It was a regular Nebraska rabbit hunt. We chased them through the bush and finally surrounded them on the beach. I was sitting under a coconut tree watching — a regular fifty-yard-line seat. Suddenly, the two hundred that were left turned their backs on our fellows and ran into the sea."

Colonel Hunt, who was one of the heroes of Belleau Wood in World War I, was enthusiastic about his men. "These kids from Brooklyn, Scranton, and Oklahoma turned into jungle killers as quickly as you could wish," he

said. "They tossed back the best troops the Japanese could throw against them. I am convinced that the young American is the best potential soldier in the world because he is so intelligent. Our boys had never done any real night fighting before, and certainly not in the jungle, but they learned the game in a hurry. Directly they found that the Jap wanted to fight at night, they studied the Jap's tricks, copied them, and added a few of their own.

"Of course they were scared at first. Any man who says he isn't scared is either crazy or a liar, but they came through. The first few nights were the worst. The boys had the jitters and got trigger-scared. They'd see shadows in the dark, they'd hear those crazy birds squeaking in the jungle trees and they'd think the whole place was full of boogie-woogie men. Then they'd get excited and shoot at the darkness. To make matters worse, the Japanese began to filter through our lines. But after the first few nights the jitters dried up and we went to work."

Colonel Hunt was in charge of one of the first battalions to land on the beach. "I had great confidence in our Marine training," he said. "I had fought with marines in France. It was hard to realize that these boys of mine were their sons, and as tough as the men with whom I fought twenty years ago, but they soon proved that they were. I was soon to see that the present-day marine is every bit as good as his father. These boys soon learned that you have to kill a Jap to stop him, and if anybody tells you that the officers desert their men, he is misinformed. Everywhere that we found dead Japanese officers, they were always where they should be — at the head of their men.

"Our men got so smart at Jap-hunting that they could almost smell them. You know, a Jap smells like a goat. This is not an exaggeration. One of the men in my battalion saved his own life by a sense of smell. He was crouching in a fox hole during a bombardment when somebody jumped in beside him. He didn't know who it was, but he sensed a particular smell and so he just stuck his bayonet through the new arrival. It proved to be a Jap. He was quite right in not taking a risk."

No place was really safe during the early days of Guadal-canal. The Japs had a habit of sneaking up from behind and attacking the Americans. Major General Vandegrift relates how he was sitting with ten or fifteen officers at a jungle outpost when three Japs darted from the jungle. One shot a sergeant and finished him with a bayonet. He then attacked a Marine sergeant major, who killed him with a revolver shot. One of the other Japs fired at the officers and missed. A Marine corporal aimed at the latter, but his pistol jammed. He flung it at the Jap, but the little man ducked. The Marine corporal didn't wait to get another weapon. He made a flying tackle and brought the surprised Jap down, as another marksman shot the third one.

The two most regular pests on Guadalcanal were a pair of single-engine Japanese planes that made regular appearances over Henderson Field. The marines called them "Louis the Louse" and "Sewing-Machine Charlie." "Sewing-Machine Charlie's" engine made the most peculiar sound of any airplane that ever appeared on the island. Whenever "Sewing-Machine Charlie" came, it was usually a sign that there was going to be a shelling. "Louis the Louse" would fly in after the Jap artillery had opened up to spot the damage. The marines became so used to these two planes that it became a standing joke, and the boys were laying odds as to who would be able to shoot down either of them.

Then there was little Oscar, a submarine that came out nights to lob shells into the island. Oscar rarely did any damage, but made just enough noise to wake the boys up and remind them of their mosquito bites. Jap snipers were a plague. The little yellow men heavily camouflaged with foliage and leaves were everywhere in the jungle, and their bullets added to the horror of the green hell of the island. A favorite position of the snipers was in the fork of a palm tree at the spot where the foliage begins at the top of the tall trunk. They would climb up the tree at night and tie themselves in position, staying until their rations gave out, or they were shot by the Marines, who soon began to suspect that every palm tree held a Jap, and was worth attention.

"It was impossible to see them at first," recalled a Marine corporal. "I was eating one day when a bullet whammed past and hit the man next to me. We hit the deck. One of the marines got his rifle. 'He's in that tree,' he said. 'Watch.' I couldn't see anything. It was just a tree to me, with coconuts and leaves. This fellow took aim and squeezed the trigger. He was aiming at the top. We saw the palm leaves shake and out came the body of a Jap. It fell a little way, and then hung because he was tied to the tree at his knees. It took me a long time to get used to spotting these snipers, but after a while I could tell whether a tree had a Jap or not. Sometimes the fellows would cut the trees down with machine-gun fire. On one patrol I was on, our officer told us there was a Jap behind every tree. We couldn't see any, and after a while we sat down to eat. We had hardly started when a bullet came across from the jungle. We scattered and got to work with our rifles. In a few minutes we had gotten quite a few Japs. I'll always remember one of our boys saying, 'Say, Captain, do we have to fix all these monkeys every time we want to eat? I'm gettin' awful hungry.' Another time a marine who had been wounded in the hand started to cuss the Japs. His sergeant said, 'You keep on cussing, son, I'll shoot 'em.' 'Huh,' said the fellow who had been wounded, 'I

shoot better than I cuss. You watch this, Sarge.' He took aim and fired. Down came a Jap. The sergeant fired too, and down came another. 'Hey, Sarge, give me a chance,' cracked the marine. 'I'm wounded. It isn't fair!' That was the spirit of the boys in action. But this sniping made us very careful.

"Another day we came right on some Japs. We were close enough to kiss 'em. They were flinging hand grenades at us. One fell quite near. As it was hissing a marine bent down and picked it up. He tossed it back at the Japs, just as if he were pitching at a ball game. It spread a few of them all over the scrub. The others came on. One of the boys took on four. He killed one with his light machine gun. A bullet knocked that out of his hand, and the three others ganged up on him with their bayonets. He snatched up a bolo knife from the ground and went for them. A buddy killed one of them, and he finished off the other two. When you fight beside men like that, you know nothing can beat you."

The stories of heroism that have come from Guadalcanal are strictly in keeping with the roll of honor of the Marines. Fortunately, many of the men who achieved them in the execution of their duty survived to tell their stories and to fight again. They came back from Guadalcanal, with its mosquitoes, its snakes, and cruel climate, with the fixed determination to fight again, and fight better and harder. Many of them came back with a deeper sense of the presence of the Almighty than when they had first landed on Jungan Beach a bunch of tough, careless boys. Like the men on Bataan, they learned that there are no atheists in fox holes. Frequently during the action, young men who had come out of tight corners and who had seen their buddies go West with Jap bullets and bayonets in their bodies came to the chaplains and asked to be baptized. On the first

Sunday in December, 1942, Chaplain Wyeth Willard, who served with the Marine Corps, baptized seventeen young leathernecks in the water of Lunga River. "Arthur has had a real experience with the Lord as have many other young men with battle experience," wrote the chaplain to Arthur's home town.

"Fighting against those monkeys makes you understand things you never thought of," remarked a marine in his hospital bed. "If you don't get a deep sense of religion and what it should mean to a man while you are out there in that dark hole, you never will. Most of our fellows did. Whenever we could, we said a few prayers over the graves of the chaps who died. I asked my pals to do the same thing for me if it was ever my turn."

Marines who have been in action are usually not willing to talk about their part in the fighting. They will indulge in "chin-music" about the Marine Corps and what it has done, but about their own deeds they like to keep quiet. Each man feels that he has done no more than his buddies and his officers.

I asked a young Marine officer to give me his impressions of the fighting in the Solomons. "Well, we got good food, better than most," he said. "Plenty of beans, canned meat, canned vegetables, rice, corned beef, and stew. When we weren't eating, we were fighting, or the other way round. When there wasn't a fight there was little else to do, except swimming and washing and writing home, even if the letters were slow in going out."

Said another: "We fought the Jap, and soon found he was little better than an animal. He kind of belonged to that jungle with the other animals. The Nips are not human. Even when you capture them they fawn like dogs, and smile and bow. Just a bunch of ring-tails. All the boys want now is to meet the Germans."



"We had been on the island quite a time before we saw a Jap," related one young corporal of a Marine line battalion. "We had heard them, of course, and seen their planes, but we had never met them. Then one morning we were warned that we were going on a raid. We were told to wear full fighting equipment, but to take no mess kits. We set off, wearing khaki shirts and green pants that gave us protection in the foliage. As we came out of the long grass and headed into the jungle, it seemed almost impossible that we would ever be able to penetrate as a fighting force.

"We went in single file, following the men in front, who with machetes and four-foot bush knives were cutting out a path. The jungle was gloomy, so dark and sinister that it gave you the creeps. Everywhere, you heard the noise of strange birds. There was one that whistled just like a man. The Japanese used to imitate this bird to put us off the scent.

"I shall never forget that trip because there were four of us who went through quite a lot of action together and we were all a bit different. One of the fellows was a tall, dark guy from Kalamazoo, Michigan. Whenever he had time, he used to sit down and write poetry in a book. He had wanted to be a poet before he joined up. Another man, a fair fresh-faced kid, was in love with a girl called Mary. All he did every other minute was to show you a picture of her and clean himself up, just as if he was going to meet her that afternoon. He was quite the cleanest man I have ever seen. The other boy was from Texas. He had one idea in his mind, to get the war over and finish his education.

"We went on through the jungle and suddenly we found trouble. Straight ahead of us was a stream. As soon as we reached the bank the Japanese started to pour machine-gun bullets all around us. We took cover and waited. The Japs came out in a mass and we filled that stream with dead ones. Some of us were hit. They took it quietly too, no moaning or anything. I admit I felt a bit green. A fellow near me had a hand shot off. He went on fighting with one hand and shot it out with three Japs with his revolver. He got them all. While we were resting up after that first engagement, our captain said: 'We haven't seen anything yet, boys. Today is just the beginning. You're going to see plenty action very soon now. Those woods are full of Japs.' 'That night we dug ourselves fox holes and snatched

"That night we dug ourselves fox holes and snatched some sleep. That morning before it was light, the Japs attacked again. I don't know how many Japs there were, but they seemed to be everywhere. Four of us were surrounded. Things were looking pretty tough. I remember the fellow who was always thinking about his education saying quite quietly, 'If my college education is going to be interfered with, there'll be at least ten Japs who are never going to college either.' He opened up with his sub-machine gun on the nearest party of Japs. They began to dance and yell as they went down.

"Soon it was all quiet again — till a Jap crawled up and tossed a hand grenade at us. It fell quite near. The man next to me picked it up and flung it back. It was our poet. 'If I get through this,' he cracked, 'I'll have enough material to write poetry for the rest of my life.'

"Just then I saw a Jap getting a bead on me. I hit the deck pretty hard. He missed and I got him. Another came up and I got him, too. I realized then just how much I owed to the training we'd gotten in North Carolina.

"We hadn't much time to think of anything then. When we were not fighting, ourselves, we watched our buddies cleaning up these ring-tails. That night we had a pretty bad trip getting home. The Japs were all around us, and every now and then you would hear a rifle shot and a machine gun start to stutter with the bullets crackling all

around. We hadn't gone very far before the fellow who was so crazy about the girl was killed with a bullet through the head. We stopped to say a prayer over him, and then we went back.

"Looks as if we've got to do a lot of praying and keeping moving," said the kid who was saving for his college education. Believe me, we did quite a lot of both. We were glad to get back to the camp that night."

Some of the stories collected by the United States Marine Corps combat correspondents illustrate vividly what happened to individual marines during the campaign. This one about Private Albert Schmid of Philadelphia is typical. Private Schmid was one of three marines assigned to maintain a machine-gun post along the Tenaru River about five miles from the Marine camp at Henderson Field. The Marines had been expecting the attack for some time, but apart from a little sniping and occasional night raids the Japs had kept quiet. Al and his two companions, Private John Rivers and Corporal Leroy Diamond, dug themselves a fort for their gun. There was plenty of time, so they also dug a circular trench right around the position, which they edged with sandbags. They then hauled logs from the near-by wood and using river mud as cement made the fort into quite a permanent structure. When it was camouflaged, the machine-gun nest was almost invisible and the three boys felt secure. Johnny Rivers was the machinegunner, Al the loader, and the corporal was in charge of the squad.

Johnny had been an amateur boxer in Philadelphia. Lee Diamond was a Jewish boy from Brooklyn, and Schmid had previously worked with the Doge Steel Company. All three of them had been together since their training in North Carolina.

The Japanese made their first big attack shortly after

one o'clock on the morning of the 21st of August. They came wading across the river, yelling and firing machine guns and rifles, hoping to make the Marines disclose their position by opening up on them.

"There was a brilliant moon and you could see the shadows of the trees on the water," said a Marine gunner who took part in the action. "Suddenly we saw other shadows. It was more than a shadow, it was a dark mass coming toward us on the surface of the water. We knew it was the Japs."

Johnny Rivers waited until the Japs were in range before he opened up. The screams of pain across the water told the gun train his fire had been good.

The Japanese came on steadily. One machine gun was not enough to deter them from their main object. When they had located the boys' position, they turned everything they had onto the machine-gun nest. Shells, grenades, machine-gun bullets, began to whizz around the little outpost. Johnny shot at anything he saw — a flare, a burst of tracer fire. A Jap gunner had got in close. There was a stab of fire at close range. His first burst sent a dozen bullets into Johnny Rivers' head. He fell down. Al Schmid took his place, Corporal Diamond loading.

"I was plumb mad by this time," relates Al. "I had to step over Johnny's body to get at the gun."

The Japs were coming over now in parties of thirty or forty. Al continued to mow them down methodically. Then Corporal Diamond was wounded. His right arm was out of action and he couldn't load any more. He contrived to keep upright, however, and act as a lookout for Al with the gun. Every now and then he would keep jabbing his buddy in the arm, to point out a new bunch of Japanese. Al kept on firing.

Things got tougher when a Japanese machine gun was

set up somewhere to the right. Its first burst punctured the water jacket of the machine gun, but although it was sizzling hot it kept on firing. Diamond spotted the Japanese machine gun and gave Al its direction. Al couldn't see the exact target because the gun wasn't firing, but he made a good guess. The first burst knocked out the Japanese gunner. How long Al continued to fire he cannot remember, but he kept on loading and firing while Lee contributed what he could with one hand by opening up a new magazine and handing up the fresh belt.

While Al was firing at some Japanese in front, Lee Diamond heard a noise a few yards away. He took his sub-machine gun with his good hand and stood up. Something moved again and he opened fire. The flash showed he was hitting three Japanese.

Later one Japanese managed to get quite close to the nest. There was a sizzling noise and an explosion. Something hit Schmid in the face. A grenade had exploded against the gun tripod. Schmid put his hands to his face. It was pulp. He could not see.

He took out his forty-five revolver. Diamond thought that he was going to shoot himself, because they were surrounded. "Don't do that, Smitty," he cried. "Don't shoot vourself."

"Hell," Al replied. "Don't you worry, I'm just going to wait and get the first Jap that comes in here."

"But you can't see," said Diamond.
"I don't have to see," said Al. "You just tell me which way he's coming and I'll get him."

The two marines had fought so well that the Japanese never arrived. Later Marine corpsmen came and collected them. Al was still in a state of collapse. Lying on a stretcher he still had his forty-five revolver in his hand when he recognized his lieutenant's voice. He gave it to him, saying, "I don't think I'll need this any more, sir."

Al Schmid and Lee Diamond were both awarded the Navy Cross. Al got back to America in January, almost blind, but the Navy doctors say there is hope that he will be able to see again. He can already distinguish colors and moving figures. He has adapted himself to his new life, insists on shaving and dressing himself and goes out alone. "I'm a Marine," he says, "what d'ya think I am?"

Private First Class Eugene Moore will go down in Marine history as being a really tough leatherneck. Moore was a member of a Marine tank advancing up a Pacific beach in front of the infantry. "The boys were moving very slowly as a result of sniper fire," said Moore, "and we stopped to fire a shot with our cannon. We were attacking a pillbox a couple of hundred yards away. My job was to handle the radio and load the guns. We were blazing away when suddenly I heard our tank commander yell, 'Look out!' and fire his forty-five revolver up through the turret. I looked out of the peep sights, and saw what looked like an army of Japs. It was a tough corner. We all of us drew our forty-fives then and got ready to keep the Japs from coming down the turret. One of them rammed a pitchfork into the interior of the tank. Another was brandishing a long knife. Our commander fired, and both withdrew. They were making an awful lot of noise.

"I looked out again and saw that someone was firing at them. I went upstairs and again one of the Japs put his head right down inside the turret. I was ready for him, and I got him right between the eyes. Just then the tank commander ordered our driver to move up the beach. There was a noise of the motor rising up and that was all. The tank jumped ahead for a few feet, then stopped.

"The Japanese had put a brace between the wheels. I poked my sub-machine gun outside and started firing, but

they cleared off and there was nothing to shoot at. We waited. Then there was a terrific explosion. I saw the tank commander go down and felt an awful burning pain in my neck.

"They had thrown a grenade down the turret. A few minutes later the tank started to burn. The smoke and fumes were terrible. The driver and I figured it was better to get outside and fight for it rather than to burn to death. He poked his head outside of the hatch and fell dead.

"I decided to go out feet first. To my surprise the little Japs began to help me along. They kind of pulled me out. My feet had just touched the ground when one of them climbed on my back and started walloping my head. They were banging me all around, and I began to bleed. I hit out here and there. Everyone was trying to kick me, punch me, and knife me. I saw one of them coming at me with a pitchfork, and then I passed out."

According to Marine ground reports, the Japs did everything they could to knock Moore out. Four or five of them grabbed him, knocked him down, stamped on him, kicked him, and knifed him. Then they picked him up and hurled his senseless body against the side of the tank.

"I guess they thought I was dead," says Moore. "I certainly had a bit of blood on me. What I am mad about is that they took time to steal twenty bucks out of my pocket."

Private Coon, who was wounded in the attack, was stationed some distance away sniping at Japanese attackers. This is his version of the story: "I had gotten ahead of my platoon. The sniping became so hot that I had to take cover. Ahead was a bomb shelter and a Jap pillbox. I saw a Marine gun tank come snorting up — heading for the pillbox. Just then a howling horde of Japs came pouring out of the bomb shelter. There seemed to be hundreds of them.

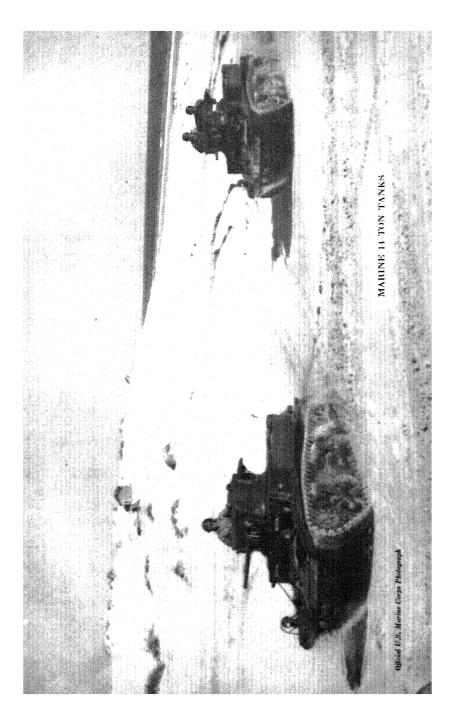
"The first thing they did was to throw a brace into the wheels of the tank. They stopped it and then they swarmed over it like monkeys. All this time I was banging away with my rifle. I don't know how many I killed, but I know several times I killed two Japs with one bullet. They were all so intent in getting the guys in the tank they didn't notice how many of them were being shot.

"It was a real picnic for me. I could see one Jap on the tank with a pitchfork. He was jamming it down the turret, trying to get at the fellows inside. I shot him, and then another fellow did the same thing. There were others brandishing long knives, but they didn't seem to be getting to first base. Finally one of them threw his hand grenade into the tank.

"I figured the marines were dead after that because there was a pretty big explosion, but I kept firing and they kept dropping. The tank was sure a problem for the Nips. They still couldn't get inside, so I concluded some of the marines must be alive. I kept on firing and still they were dropping them.

"Then they got some gasoline and threw it on the tank and set fire to it. The tank started to burn. It was throwing up big clouds of smoke and I began to wonder whether the guys really were dead or were supermen.

"I saw one of them come out and they shot him at close quarters; then I saw the other marine, whom I later learned was Moore, come out of the front hatch. Gosh! in all my life I have never seen one man take such a beating. They kicked him in the face and stomach. One pulled his ear and another smashed him with his fists. They were crazy mad. One grabbed him with a pitchfork, another stuck a knife into him, and then one of them got him by the arm and another by the leg and threw him at the burning tank. He bounced off and lay there. One or two of the Japs kicked him and then they moved away.



"After I was brought back wounded to the Navy hospital that evening I was pretty happy to learn that my lieutenant had personally counted thirty-one dead Japs around the tank. I felt good. I got wounded when I headed toward the bomb shelter. A sniper nailed me in the leg. It was painful, but I could still walk. Finally, I made the bomb shelter. If there had been no one inside I surely wouldn't be here today. I lay there for six hours until I heard an American voice. It was a marine. He came in and joined me. We lay there all that night with bullets sweeping through the shack. Let me tell you, brother, it was really hell.

"My new pal had been wounded when he crawled up to the roof to take a shot at the snipers. The Japs were making use of their snipers. They are not good shots, but there were plenty of them. Some of them were strapped in trees with machine guns and rifles, and others were hiding in empty oil drums and caves. It takes a lot of gall to lie in a hole with bullets whizzing around you without answering back. I got so mad that I couldn't see straight. I certainly was glad when some buddies came in and picked me up."

If ever a marine had nine lives, it is Private W. V. Brewer. Brewer was in charge of a machine-gun nest when the rest of the crew were wiped out. He kept on firing and beat off the Japs. After the action, he reported sick from a slight graze and the doctor found that he was suffering from a bad dose of malaria. He ordered Brewer to hospital. That night the hospital was bombed. Brewer was blown out of a window but was uninjured. He was then sent to base on an Army transport plane, which had to make a forced landing. Brewer fell into the sea. He landed on a reef and was picked up by a Navy vessel.

IO THE FIGHTING WRITERS

The saying "Tell it to the Marines" is as old as the United States Marine Corps itself. In this war the Marines have reversed this very usefully by appointing combat correspondents, reporters in uniform whose job is to tell the world just what the Marines are doing. These combat reporters are writers with rifles as well as soldiers with typewriters. They have to be fighters first, then correspondents. Before being sent to the battle zones, they learn to shoot, use the bayonet, to march, and to drill. They are taught Commando tactics. They have to learn how to kill a man with their hands, and how to fight the Jap the way the Jap likes to fight.

What history owes to these Marine combat correspondents, only history will reveal. Their reports are proving a valuable contribution to the history of this war, because they enable the American public to feel the pulse of the marine in action. From the battle zones have come human stories, stories of American boys fighting in tight corners, heroic stories, and big stories, all with the fighting man's viewpoint, instead of that of a looker-on.

The idea of forming a corps of Marine Corps combat correspondents came to Brigadier General Denig of the Division of Public Relations in Washington in December, 1941, when the Marine garrison at Wake was fighting almost epic battles in history. There was a big story in

Wake, but there was no one on hand to write it. All the news that came through was limited to Major Devereux's dispassionate routine announcements.

The General decided that if the world was to know the real story of the Marine Corps, he would have to have fighting men who could write to suit characteristic Marine Corps promptness, and he put his idea into action. Now, wherever the Marines go into action, these front-line reporters will be on hand to give the world a blow-by-blow account of the fighting.

The correspondents are drawn from all classes of the fourth estate. Brigadier General Denig wanted no bigname reporters. He called for men who could write, who wanted adventure, and who were willing to train as Marines, to tell the story of their comrades in action. In the first batch of trainees there were a courthouse reporter from a Middle-Western daily, a police reporter from an evening paper in a big city, a feature-writer from a daily in the South, and a young man who had been editor of his college paper.

General Denig gave them all threefold orders. (1) When things are quiet, write about your own unit and the marines in it for the folks back home. (2) When things pop, grab a gun and get in the fight. (3) When the smoke clears, write your story and get it back to the United States, just as you would if you were writing for a newspaper.

The Marine combat correspondents have to justify their existence when attached to a Marine unit. They cannot just walk around and get a story or watch the others in action. They double up on many duties such as standing watch, acting as company clerk, or helping the sergeant major. They work in teams, usually a reporter and a photographer working together, just as they do on the newspaper at home. The only difference between their job and

that of a reporter on your home-town newspaper is that their stories deal with fighting. While in the Solomons, these men did a remarkably efficient job, because in the middle of all the smoke and noise of battle they dug out the human stories that America wanted to read. Practically every story of Marine heroism that came over the wires from the Solomons was first discovered by these fighting newsmen.

Sergeant Norman A. Miller of New York City got his first taste of enemy gunfire while crouching in a Higgins boat waiting to land on Guadalcanal. He had his note pad on his knee and with the zeal of a good reporter he started a story with the Jap shells splashing round him.

"When the time came for us to leave the transport," he wrote, "we clambered into the waiting boat, and crouched in the bottom as the craft headed for the beach. All had been quiet up to this point. We were anxious, of course. Suddenly, a shell from a hidden Jap long-range gun burst near us. The Higgins boat shook and the stern bounced on the water with a terrific slap. The Navy coxswain reached for the throttle as if it were an emergency brake, and we came to a drifting stop. I watched him tighten his helmet, as if to protect himself a bit more, then he jammed home the throttle, changed course, and headed for the beach. Now the shells meant for the transports, and falling short of their marks, were bursting all round us. We glanced at each other and grinned. The grins were tense and tight but they were grins. The officers stood up to see how the other boats were getting along. We stayed where we were crouching, waiting and grinning. Presently we felt the bottom of the boat jar and begin grating on the beach. We had landed. We jumped into the surf, waded up the beach, and doubled into the woods. That was that, our baptism of fire.

"Later that evening we were discussing our experience. None of us would quite decide how close the shells had been. Lieutenant Harry Ryan of the Medical Corps heard us yarning. 'I'll tell you how close one was,' he said. 'We on the transport saw it hit. We didn't know whether or not it had scored a direct hit on your boat until the spray had died down. That shell was as close as ever you'll get one and live to talk it over.'" Afterward Sergeant Miller admitted he had felt nervous.

The fighting reporters had to be their own city editors. They were not sent on stories but were given a free hand to write what they thought was news. The correspondents found many human stories in their daily round of dodging Jap bullets and bombs. While they were fighting, they were looking for material and making notes on what they saw. Some of them began their stories in fox holes and later typed them in the pup tents by subdued light.

The stories they wrote were censored on the spot and forwarded through the chain of command to Washington, where they were made available to the American press with the correspondent's by-line attached. There was no priority given these stories over those of other correspondents.

One story sent home told the story of Private First Class Girolomo Grande of Shrewsbury. Grande was a volunteer fireman in civilian life and he enlisted in the Marines because he wanted to fight for America. He chose the Marines because they seemed the "fightingest" unit. Someone discovered that he had driven a fire engine at home and assigned him to the job of driving the Marine combat correspondents to their assignments in a jeep. Young Grande liked the job. Wherever there was a blaze of action, whenever the Japs opened up on the Americans in some distant spot, there was a "four-alarm" call for the exfire-fighter. The press "cabby," as they called him, would

step on the accelerator and drive the jeep at breakneck speed, through bombs and shells and bullets. Grande always got there with his passengers a little bruised, but hanging on grimly, and quite content with having such a wizard of a chauffeur.

All the jobs were not exciting, though. Some of the routine ones seemed dull to a young marine who had been packing a thrill into almost every expedition. One morning Grande was called to drive two correspondents to an airfield, to go on a bombing mission. When the party arrived at the airfield, it was discovered that the pilots had expected three correspondents. Three planes were going. Driver Grande had a bright idea. He had driven the correspondents so often that he was almost one himself. If there was room in that extra plane, he qualified if anyone did.

The three planes took off with Grande in one. The mission was an exciting one. The Japs threw up everything they had at the roaring bombers as they flew low over their targets and loosed their bombs. Grande got all the thrills he wanted. He saw the bombs bursting underneath, and heard the anti-aircraft fire clattering round the big bomber. "It sure was exciting," he said when he got back and stood happy and wide-eyed on the airfield. "We flew over high, and then each plane peeled off and dove on the target. We came in so fast that I couldn't see my own plane's bombs burst, but I saw the ones of the plane behind go off. They sure made some explosion. It was something to see. I'd rather be in a plane than a jeep any day. This is the real stuff!"

Hearing this remark, the Marine pilot who had flown Grande walked over to the bomber and dug out several shell fragments that had peppered the belly of the machine as it had flown low over the enemy positions. "You don't get this in a jeep," he said with a smile.

Grande looked at the jagged splinters. "On second thought, perhaps I'd rather stick to the jeep," he admitted.

Said Sergeant Hurlbut, who got the story, "Some of us who had ridden with Grande in that jeep are inclined to think that a bomber seat is milder after all."

Sergeant Richard Venn of San Francisco, California, another Marine correspondent, was member of a Marine raiding force that marched twelve miles through jungle and swamp and pushed back a Japanese landing.

The Japs landed on the night of November 2, and brought several hundred veterans of the Philippine and Chinese campaigns ashore in two and a half hours. A detachment of the Marines observed the landing but had insufficient strength to oppose it. There was no communication with headquarters. The situation was grave. "It was a terrible feeling," said Lieutenant Colonel Hanneken. "All we could do was to sit down and watch them come in. From our position we could hear the deck officers shouting directions, and the coxswains jabbering as they brought the boats ashore. The Japs were making no effort to conceal the landing. All through the night, they were blowing sirens and playing searchlights on the beach."

When communication was established with headquarters, a section of Marines including Sergeant Venn was sent to the beach. They arrived and immediately engaged the Japs, who were supported by artillery and heavy machinegun fire. So violent was the Marine attack that the Japs retreated. The Marines then made a forced march and headed off the enemy from the flank. Although the leathernecks had not eaten for twenty-six hours because they had been fighting all the time, they pressed home the attack, with the Japanese resisting strongly. The hungry Marines began their attack at nine in the morning, but it was

not until three in the afternoon that they had the enemy in the trap they had planned for them. The battle was prolonged and destructive. The Marine marksmen settled to keep up a rapid, but accurate, fire. The Japs replied with mortars and artillery fire. The ring of leathernecks kept closing in. They were shooting as calmly as if they had been on the ranges in America. Soon the ground was piled with dead Japanese.

Those who were alive retreated and dug in on the beach and in a batch of jungle. They were still full of fight and were liberally supplied with ammunition. Later in the day, reinforced by the army, the Marines closed in and completed the task. The Jap invasion force was wiped out. "Now we can eat," commented a Marine sergeant gleefully. "What I wouldn't give for a steak at Lindy's!"

Sergeant Venn was kept busy collecting information for his story. He totaled the enemy losses at more than two hundred dead. The booty included large quantities of supplies, a hundred sacks of rice, several cases of land mines, and huge quantities of heavy-caliber ammunition. Somewhere in the jungle the Jap survivors were wandering toward death from starvation. They were no longer a fighting force, because they had left their weapons and supplies on that beach.

Sergeant Venn made a nice little yarn out of that twelvemile march and those twenty-six hours without food. Some of the newspapers back home used about six lines of it, but that is what happens to all reporters, even if they are in uniform and writing history with their rifles as well as with their typewriters.

Describing his life in the Solomons, Technical Sergeant Hurlbut, of Arlington County, Virginia, wrote: "After you've spent a week on a tropical island recaptured from the Japanese, word comes through one morning that an enemy counterattack is expected during the night ahead. You don't know whether it will come by land, sea, or air, so you spend the entire day earnestly improving on your fox hole.

"At noon you climb into said fox hole while the six enemy bombers make their regular midday courtesy call and exchange cards with your anti-aircraft. You climb out on the 'all clear' to learn the planes have dropped twenty parachutes. The chutes contain food, ammunition, and medical supplies for your disintegrated enemy. They also contain peptalks from Tojo saying help is on the way soon. So you put some more improvements on the fox hole.

"After another short rest in the fox hole while the Jap subs off the beach lob a few five-inchers in your general direction, you clamber out and put in an hour or two cleaning your pistol and rounding up all your ammunition.

"A few minutes before dusk, the C. O. gathers the gang around and passes the word that several unidentified transports have been sighted on the horizon. He gives quiet instructions on repelling the invaders and making every shot count. You retire to the general neighborhood of the old fox hole and devote half your mind to figuring the speed of transports and the other half to resolves to do the best you can as long as you can.

"The telephone rings sharply. The officer responds to its ominous summons. He turns around and calls out sharply, 'Ships have been identified as American destroyers carrying ground-crew personnel for the airfield.'

"Oh, boy ...!"

Hurlbut sent a dispatch from Guadalcanal that must have made the heart of his previous city editor swell with pride. Hurlbut was a veritable fly on the wall at Guadalcanal. He covered his beat hour after hour and day after day and contrived to send back an astonishing amount of detail. "From a cliff overlooking the ocean, I watched an American task force engage Japanese in one phase of what may be the greatest Allied naval victory of the war," he wrote. "Early yesterday we heard that a sizable Jap force was heading our way — twenty-five war vessels and twelve transports. We were ready for them.

"Throughout the afternoon, reports had been received of air contact with enemy ships. But the Japs kept on coming, in spite of damaging hits. At six o'clock they were reported to be only sixty miles away. Then a message came that five of the transports were stopped and four were on fire.

"Until seven o'clock we had had no word of the location of our ships. Things were getting tight. Then we heard: 'U.S. battleships are headed this way and will be in time to intercept the enemy.'

"I climbed to an outpost on top of Tulagi's cliff. Three hours went by without incident. Then one — two — three — four destroyers moved our way around the north end of Savo Island. After two minutes battleships appeared. A Navy signalman peered through binoculars. 'They're ours, all right,' he said. 'The destroyers are in the moonlight now,' he added after a pause. 'They're going straight across toward Guadalcanal. There come the battle-wagons. The PT boats are going up to them.' He continued: 'They're all over by Guadalcanal now. They're lined up from Lunga Point along the coast to the west.'

"He shifted the glasses. 'Wait a minute! Two more destroyers just came around Savo. A third one is coming down from the tip of Florida.'

""Whose are they?"

"Well, they're not ours. They're long, lean, low jobs, with the superstructure way forward."

"'Jap destroyers!"

"Looks like it. They're moving out into the channel. The first one is in the moonlight. Now they're all in line. Hey! They must have seen something. They've all turned around and are going like hell for the west side of Savo.'

"We peered at the black outline of Guadalcanal. Nothing but darkness. We felt a lash of anxiety that the Japs were going to get away.

"'Look at that!' A tremendous burst of light had split the gloom near Lunga Point. 'I think that was a salvo from a battle-wagon,' the Navy signalman declared. 'There it goes again.'

"This time the heavy turret fire was obvious. Then there was another blast, almost simultaneous with one a few hundred yards farther west.

"Three or four minutes later sharp stabs of white light even farther west indicated action by our destroyers. So far there had been no return fire from the Japanese position.

"Suddenly the sky lit up on the west side of Savo. The Nips are opening up! the signalman exclaimed. The whole sky was ablaze with mushrooms of flame from battleship turrets, incredibly rapid white flashes from our destroyers, dull yellow flashes from beyond Savo. The firing from the Guadalcanal side was four times as heavy as that from the north. A red glow suddenly stained the clouds above Savo.

"There's a hit!' the Navy signalman cried out suddenly. 'Good one, too!'

"More firing. The battleships were moving steadily north and west. The big flashes were coming from the tip of Cape Esperance. Lines of red tracers pierced the lowhanging clouds.

"Must be some cruiser planes in the air. Yeah, there's one. Looks like they got him. He's coming down."

"The powerful binoculars brought the battle close to the lookout. We couldn't see the falling plane, but as we looked there was another eruption of red flame. This time it was right at the south edge of Savo and it didn't go out. A ship — apparently a Jap vessel — had been set afire.

"'She's burning pretty good,' the lookout reported.

"The burning vessel moved slowly toward mid-channel and then crept back toward Savo.

"On the horizon, right on the end of the moonlight path, a huge mountain of red flame rose slowly. Star shells flew out of the red mass at crazy angles. It seemed to hang there a full minute and then darkness began to envelop its bulk. The burning ship was in the area where the Japs were located. It must have been one of theirs.

"As though the blast had been the signal for the end of the first act, the firing stopped. The only light on the horizon was the burning ship.

"'It looks like a heavy cruiser,' the lookout said. 'Flames are spreading out on the water. Probably oil.'

"Ten minutes later two heavy flashes blazed from the southwest end of Savo. Almost immediately there were heavy yellow blasts from the north. It was not destroyer fire — much too heavy for that. Then the whole sky beyond the yellow flashes was lit up by scores of star shells. Twenty-five or thirty miles away, they were still bright enough to bathe our cliff in daylight.

"Those are our star shells. They're firing them beyond the Nips to silhouette 'em.'

"The fighting was terrific. Every minute or so, a red flash signaled a hit. The two forces stood toe to toe and slugged it out. There was hardly a pause between the second and third acts. Without any cessation in the fire from the ships on the south, the slugging match turned into a chase. And it was a chase to the northwest. Each bright, white flash was farther away.

"'Well,' the lookout announced cheerfully, 'somebody's running — and it isn't us. I don't think our ships would be trying to get to Bougainville.'

"We watched the ship burning on the horizon for a few minutes and then trekked slowly down the hill to our bunks. It was 1.30 on Sunday morning. For the third straight night, we had watched naval action in the Guadalcanal-Tulagi channel.

"We don't get the news very quickly," continued Hurlbut, "but the reports we have received seem to bear out our conviction that America has won the greatest naval victory of the war."

Another of Hurlbut's stories had all the qualities of a first-class mystery. It concerns a certain marine, Private Wendling — "Wimpy Wendling," as Hurlbut dubbed him. "Wimpy" was only five feet, six inches, and weighed about a hundred and forty. "He looks about as pugnacious as Casper Milquetoast and has never had a fist fight in all his twenty years," wrote Hurlbut.

In civilian life, Wimpy was employed by a greeting-card company, but when war was declared, Wendling thought he could do more for his country than lithographing greeting cards, although he was married and not immediately eligible for the draft. So he joined the Marines.

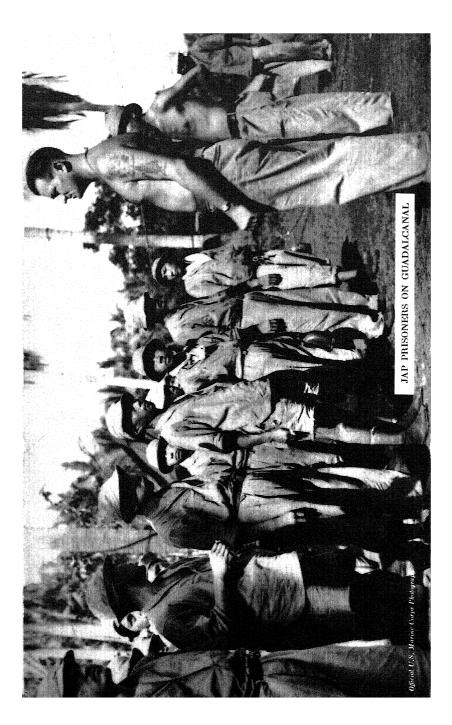
In the Marines, he was still making lithographic plates; for maps, though, and not greeting cards. That didn't satisfy him, so he volunteered to go on patrol in the jungles of Guadalcanal.

One morning his captain was informed by a messenger that two of the enemy had been sighted. One of them was a tall, hefty blond. A blond Japanese was an impossibility even on Guadalcanal, where anything might happen. The captain decided that this blond must be a white man and he ordered out four men to go and look. Wendling volunteered and was placed in charge of the other three. They set out on the trail. "It was raining hard," relates Wendling. "We waded through some swamps and after several miles we reached a small village where we found some new tracks. We figured that there must have been about eight men. After another hour of very slow going, we found that our Japs were in another little village which was well inside the bush. After listening for a while we estimated which hut they were in and got within ten feet.

"We could hear them talking and from the noise they made, I calculated there must be more than two. I gave the order for my men to surround the house and gave the signal to open fire. We let them have it, and when nothing happened after we had ceased firing I went up to open the door. It was closed. I called, telling the men inside to surrender. No one answered, so I beat the door down.

"Inside were three dead Japs, piled in the corner. Standing against the wall was a fourth one who wasn't even wounded. He was about six feet tall and must have weighed over two hundred pounds. I was disappointed because he wasn't the light-haired guy I was looking for. We kind of stared at each other for a while. I wanted to take him prisoner, but he wouldn't budge. I then tried to coax him out with a bit of "pogie bait" [candy], but he wouldn't bat an eye. I was ready for him in case he came for me, but he just kept on staring at me and wouldn't move. He was the biggest Jap I ever saw and he looked kind of wild. I waved a white handkerchief, but he still wouldn't come out.

"Then he reached over and started to pick up one of the dead Japs by the hips. This was quite an easy matter for him because he was so strong. I thought that he was trying to fool me, so I stepped back and out through the side of the house.



"He didn't have a gun, so I figured that I could knock him out with the butt of my rifle and bring him outside. I went in again and just then he picked up a two-handed sword that he'd taken from the body he'd been messing with. He took one step toward me, swinging the sword, and I had to shoot him. That was all. I am sorry that he wasn't the blond we were looking for. Of course that blond might have been someone's imagination. I wouldn't know."

Second Lieutenant Herbert L. Merillat of Monmouth, Illinois, found a human-interest story even in captured Japs. One of these, whom Merillat dubbed "Watanabe," surrendered to the Marines after the seizure of Henderson Field. Watanabe was hungry and he knew Americans. As he could talk a little English, he brought thirty of his captives with him and asked for food. Watanabe quickly proved himself superior to his fellows, and the Military Police gave him the title of Number One boy, and presented him with a special straw helmet as symbol of his authority.

But like all Japs, Watanabe was inclined to be a tyrant when he got the chance. It was noticed that he used the hat to take more than his share of cigarettes and food that the Marines gave the prisoners. As a punishment the Marines took away the straw hat for a number of hours proportionate to the offense. When Watanabe got it back, the other prisoners knew that he was once again in the good graces of his friends.

The Marines missed Watanabe when he was finally evacuated with several other prisoners to another camp. Watanabe missed the Marines, too, and he sent his exjailers the following letter, written in his own special brand of English.

All Japanese —

"We have no words to thank to U.S.N. for their goodness which we had showes from we became prisoners.

"The first time, we were very miserable very tired and hungry, but now we can scarcely feel unconvenience with every things, with clothes, with eating etc. Especially we are glad to see that our sick men became well one after another by the hand of kindness doctors of U.S.N.

"We feel we all owe to the captain and every person who are concerned to us that we can live peacefully.

"Now, we have deep recognization that U.S.A. stands really [sic] the first class of the world and the Marines of U.S.A. have great honorable spirits, and we feel our today's life, by which we believe we shall have the peace and good future.

"At the time we leave this ship, we hope every person on this ship and soldiers of M.P. [Military Police] and every other man will good luck and health.

No. 1 Watanabe''

Not bad for a Jap. This is the kind of story the Marines want to tell first hand to the Japanese in their home land.

If the Marine correspondents didn't always get a by-line, they got the real down-to-earth stories, and thousands of lines of their material were printed daily in the American press. They helped to make the American public Marine conscious, even if the newspaper and agency correspondents got the glamour.

From a Marine correspondent the sporting world of America got the first word that Barney Ross, the lightweight, and welterweight champion, was giving knockout blows to the Japs as a leatherneck corporal. When he returned to America suffering from wounds and malaria, Barney had scored twenty-two knockouts for sure. The night Barney spent in a shell hole with five wounded marines and two soldiers he describes as the toughest round he had ever slugged through in his life.

"It happened this way," related Barney. "Four of us were carrying a wounded marine out from the action when we were cut off from our unit by the Japs. They came rushing out everywhere and kept up a regular fire. We could see they were between us and the unit. Three of the stretcher-bearers were wounded. I was the only one who wasn't hit then. We dove into a couple of shell holes about ten feet apart, and sat there with the Jap shells and bullets whamming all round. The Nips kept on firing from four in the afternoon until seven the next morning. Some of the shells came pretty near. My partner in my shell hole was Private Monak, an American Indian, and one swell marine. In the other shell hole was my buddy, a sportsman named Atkins, who used to be golf pro at the Santa Fe course in Hollywood. He kept calling to me through the night inquiring if I was all right — when we could hear ourselves talk, that was. Some time during the night two soldiers came crawling into the shell hole. I thought they were Japs at first, but they spoke in good American, and there was no mistaking it.

"At seven in the morning the shooting let up, but I knew we were not out of the wood. My buddy in the next hole told me that the three marines with him had been hit again during the night. I decided that we would need everything we could to fight our way out, when the time came, so I got out of the shell hole and began crawling round collecting what I could find in the way of grenades and ammunition."

Corporal Ross had just finished his chore when the

Japs attacked the little party in force. They came in a wide circle and surrounded the six Americans. They set up machine guns and mortars, from which they began to lob deadly explosive missiles. Fortunately their aim was not good. Not one of the shells fell in the holes. The marines and the two soldiers waited until the Japs were close enough so as to be sure not to waste any of their precious ammunition. They met the enemy with a rain of grenades and rifle fire. The wounded men chipped in as well. Those of the Japs who were still alive retreated. "I got rid of about twenty-one hand grenades," related Barney Ross. "Then I let them have it with my rifle."

For the next few hours the Japs left the men in the shell holes alone, except for an occasional mortar shell lobbed from a respectful distance. The marines kept up the fight. Barney and his buddy crawled out of the shell hole and knocked off any of the enemy who showed their faces. Ross by this time was sick with malaria and running a temperature.

During a quiet spell Atkins suggested to Ross that they try to crawl out and make their way to the American lines. All but one of the wounded marines could move. Ross went over to the other shell hole and took the badly wounded marine on his shoulders. Atkins looked round for the enemy. There was no one in sight. Stealthily they crawled over the top of the gaping hole, where they had been since four o'clock the day before, and headed back toward the direction they had come. A sniper's rifle barked, but the bullet went wide. From the rear came a burst of rifle and machine-gun fire, and men in green came running to help. "I saw what looked like angels in heaven," relates Barney. "My skipper, Captain Leblanc, and the other boys. Our worst round was over."

Wrote Father Gehring, hefty young fighting padre of

the Marines on Guadalcanal: "Barney is quite a hero to the boys out here." Said Barney, "I figure I didn't do much," which is how Marines do talk about little matters like tight corners and twenty Japs who won't Banzai Premier Tojo anymore.

The Japanese succeeded in landing tanks on Guadalcanal, and one morning the Marines defending Henderson Airfield, which had been the objective of every Japanese attack since the campaign began, found themselves facing a column of medium tanks. The Japanese had managed to bring their tanks near the airfield by building a secret road on the other side of the river. The Marines had heard wood being chopped across the river for a considerably long time, but although they had fired in that direction constantly, they had never been able to stop it.

"The night before there had been a very heavy artillery duel," wrote a Marine correspondent. "The firing had been continuing all through the day, and shortly after dusk a big dust cloud seemed to rise from the beach.

"Our guns opened up on it, and suddenly we saw a Japanese tank emerge. It came on fast, heading straight for our gun pits. Although we kept firing and hurling grenades at it, the tank never stopped. It overran one Marine gun position and proceeded up the river in our direction until it fouled a post. As it was backing away, our mobile artillery got a direct hit and a marine ran up and threw a grenade in the tread. The motor was still running, although the steering had gone. Somehow the tank turned around and then went plowing down the river out to sea, burning fiercely. The men inside it kept firing all the time."

The first tank was quickly followed by others. The battle ended in the Japanese losing a large number of their armor. The next day, when Marine correspondents looked

over the scene of the battle, the burned-out shells of five tanks were evidence of the accuracy of Marine fire. One of them was less than twenty yards away from the American gun positions.

The vehicles were burned out, and the ground around them was strewn with dead Japanese. Further away two large tanks that had been camouflaged with green and brown paint to make them invisible in the jungle lay useless on the edge of the river. Further along were two more which had been destroyed by direct hits.

The tank that had made the first assault was resting on the bed of the river, its nose pointing out to sea, and the water lapping up to its turret. The correspondents waded out and looked inside. The crew were dead. They had chosen to drown themselves in their tank rather than surrender.

Another Marine correspondent interviewed Second Lieutenant Kenneth D. Frazier, of Burlington, New Jersey. Frazier had shot down eleven and a half Japanese planes in a Wildcat fighter plane. One day he landed with engine trouble and took off in a new plane.

"Operating from Henderson Field on Guadalcanal," said Frazier, "I had been credited with eleven and a half Jap planes — six Zeros and five and a half bombers. I got the half when a buddy and I teamed up on a Jap bomber.

"My plane 711 was out of action, so I decided to change to No. 10 and was soon after another Zero. I stayed with that baby just a second too long, for another Zero got on my tail. Frankly, I never saw him. He creased right up the back of my plane. A shell exploded near my foot, and the plane caught fire. I made for a cloud and escaped him, but I couldn't escape the fire inside my fuselage.

"I knew it would be suicide to bail out over the island at that point, as the Japs had just landed additional troops there. I figured to take my chances with the water. I skidded into a slow glide to reduce the fire-spread as much as possible, and sailed out a couple of miles to sea. I started to jump at eight thousand feet.

"The wind suddenly grabbed me, and jerked me head over heels from the burning plane. The force was such that I inadvertently yanked my ripcord at eight thousand instead of falling several thousand feet so as to reduce the amount of time I would have to spend in the air as a potential target.

"The 'chute opened and, suddenly, I heard a snapping around my ears. I looked up and there was a Jap Zero coming straight for me. It looked like he couldn't miss me if he tried. I could hardly get my breath at this point. His four machine guns opened up. I watched the bullets as they came at me.

"Somehow, he missed — a miracle. Then he was past me, stalling into a sharp bank to return as quickly as possible for another go. And the ocean was still thousands of feet below. Suddenly I saw one of our planes. One burst from that heaven-sent Wildcat set the Jap afire and he headed for home. I landed safely in the water, about two miles off shore and fifteen miles from my airport."

Frazier soon found that two miles from shore was a very long way. He had been swimming toward the shore when he suddenly discovered he had a companion, a deadly giant stingray, which had surfaced some twenty-five yards away. Said Frazier, "Either he didn't spot me or he had a proper respect for Marine air-power, but I was very glad when a destroyer spotted me and picked me up."

The Marine correspondent took down Lieutenant Frazier's story and then made inquiries on his own. He found that Frazier had been flying a plane numbered 711. The plane itself was number 11, and the engine had been

taken from a plane called number 7. With this plane he had shot down 11 Japanese planes. The one he had changed to was number 10. The story he later cabled to Marine headquarters at Washington made the lead in several newspapers. You have to look for the unusual even when you are covering stories in which heroism and death become usual.



II

U.S. MARINE CORPS— COMMANDANT AND HISTORY

It has always been a custom of the Marine Corps for officers and men to share dangers and privations alike. One of the happiest days for the Marines in Guadalcanal was when Number One Marine Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb paid his fighting men a visit on the battlefield. General Holcomb arrived by air, his plane escorted by fighters. He had scarcely landed when the Japanese bombers came over and dropped what one correspondent described as "a thirty-one-bomb salute." The heaviest bombardment the Japa could throw at him, however, was not likely to bother the present Commandant of the Marine Corps, whose experience under fire measures up to that of any living marine.

Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb has been a fighting leatherneck himself since the age of twenty. He has a son in the Marines. He has contributed a "first" to the many "firsts" claimed by the Marines, being the first commandant of the Corps to be made a lieutenant general.

Seventeenth Marine Commandant, General Holcomb is a trim tough fighting man with the tradition of the Corps in his blood. He is a man's man with a rich salty turn of phrase, a liking for pipe-smoking, and a profound belief that speed and mechanization are the ace cards in modern warfare. General Holcomb was born in New Castle, Delaware, the son of a lawyer. He was working in a shipyard when a United States senator told him he should join the Marines. Young Holcomb's great-great-grandfather, Commodore Joshua Barney, had been in command of the detachment of sailors and Marines at Bladensburg when the militia fled before the attack of the British. It seemed a natural thing for the hefty young man to join up with the leathernecks. How he lived to reach this high position is a secret that many of the officers and men who serve under him are inclined to discuss. Taking part in five major offensives in World War I couldn't kill the hardy fighter.

After America entered World War I, Major Holcomb, as he then was, lost no time in getting himself where there was fighting, even though he had a desk job in Washington. In France, he fought at Belleau Wood, Soissons, Saint-Mihiel, and in the Argonne.

He went through the most severe fighting as commander of a battalion of the Sixth Regiment. When the war was over he came back unscratched, one of only two officers in the battalion who escaped being killed or wounded. With him he brought back many citations for gallantry, resource, and leadership. "He led his men across fields swept by machine-gun fire, he fought with utter disregard for his own safety, he administered the Germans their first defeat," said these citations. "He was a real fighting man," said a devil-dog veteran who fought with him. "With Tommy Holcomb we'd all go to hell."

A year after General Holcomb joined the Corps, he was picked as a member of the Marine Corps rifle team. He made the team six times altogether, and made the all-American team twice. He has served in China, where he learned to speak Chinese, and he has seen life in the Phil-

ippines, and at most of the Marine outposts. The General's decorations include the Navy Cross, the Silver Star, with three oak-leaf clusters, and the Purple Heart. For his services with the Marines in France, the French Government awarded him the Cross of the Legion of Honor and three Croix de Guerre with palms.

After World War I, he stayed with the American army of occupation, and on his return to the States he went "back to school" to equip himself for his future career as a Marine officer. He attended the command and general staff school of the Army in 1925 and in 1931 graduated from the Naval War College senior course. Later he took the course at the Army War College, from where he went to the office of Naval Operations. After this, he was appointed Commandant of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Virginia, from which position he was to become Commandant of the Marine Corps.

As soon as he was called to command the Marines, he began to prepare for speed of action and general mechanization of transport and artillery. He foresaw, too, that the second World War would differ from the previous one because of its global nature. At the outbreak of war, he decided that his Marines would play an even bigger part in the conflict, and he determined to see that the men under his command had the most modern equipment available. To such novelties as amphibian ("alligator") tractors he added barrage balloons and gliders.

The institution of the Marine Corps gliders was but one instance of General Holcomb's desire to give the Marines every possible weapon of war. The Marines' silent-wing training section went into action in the summer of 1941, and it was not long before General Holcomb himself had been aloft in one of the two-seater training gliders.

With the inclusion of Paramarines and Ranger Battalions

General Holcomb has made his Marines a hundred per cent fighting force but does not believe that the Marines can operate alone. He is determined, though, that his men shall get a fair share of the fighting. He is immensely proud of his men, and takes a keen interest in those who come for boot training. One of his favorite recreations from strenuous hours of supervising the activities of Marines on various battlefronts is to stroll down to the barracks to watch the men drill and play. He likes to sample their food, talk to them in their messrooms, and compare their efficiency with the men who served with him in earlier days.

For his position, the General is a young man. There were older and higher ranking officers for the post of Commandant, but his past record, his experience, and his energy fitted him ideally to take command, and when in January, 1942, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant general, every marine felt that the Corps had been given a special battle honor.

The Commandant must do his part with the officers and men to keep up the fighting morale of the Corps. When the Marines celebrated their hundred and sixty-seventh birthday, Lieutenant General Holcomb ordered the following time-honored birthday proclamation to be read at all stations. It was heard in the jungles of Guadalcanal with Jap shells whistling overhead, in Europe, and the Canal Zone, at sea, wherever the Marines were serving.

"On November 10, 1775, a Corps of Marines was created by a resolution of Continental Congress," runs the proclamation. "Since that date many thousands of men have borne the name Marine. In memory of them it is fitting that we who are Marines should commemorate the birthday of our Corps by calling

to mind the glories of its long and illustrious history. During 92 of the 167 years of its existence the Corps has been in action against the Nation's foes. From the Battle of Trenton to the Argonne, Marines have won foremost honors in war, and in the long eras of tranquillity at home, generation after generation of Marines has grown gray in war in every corner of the seven seas that our country and its citizens might enjoy peace and security.

"In every battle and skirmish since the birth of our Corps, Marines have acquitted themselves with the greatest distinction, winning new honors on each occasion until the term 'Marine' has come to signify all that is highest in military efficiency and soldierly virtue.

"This high name of distinction and soldierly repute we who are Marines today have received from those who preceded us in the Corps. With it, we also received from them the eternal spirit which has animated our Corps from generation to generation and has been the distinguishing mark of the Marines in every age.

"So long as that spirit continues to flourish, Marines will be found equal to every emergency in the future as they have been in the past, and the men of our Nation will regard us as worthy successors to the long line of illustrious men who have served as 'Soldiers of the Sea' since the founding of the Corps."

This message may inspire the young boot to look into the history of his Corps. The Marines existed long before America came into existence as an independent nation, and were closely modeled on the British Royal Marines, a body of fighting men whose fighting tradition is only equaled by their American comrades, although the British have never made as extensive use of their sea-soldiers as the Americans.

The first Americans to serve as marines were those recruited from the American colonies to fight with the British Marines in the War of the Spanish Succession. An expedition commanded by General Alexander Spotswood was sent as a landing force to attack Spanish positions in the Caribbean area. Among the officers was Lawrence Washington, brother of George Washington. During the French and Indian wars the British used Marine colonial troops with great success, and it is probable that the exploits and handling of these troops gave the leaders of the American colonies the idea that a marine force was as essential to the well-being of their territory as a navy or an army.

It was not until November 10, 1775, however, that the Continental Congress, having already taken steps to form the Continental Navy, authorized the formation of two battalions of marines to continue the work that had been carried on through the Revolutionary War by marines serving with the navies of the American colonies.

The birthplace of the United States Marine Corps as we know it today is said to have been the Tun Tavern in Philadelphia, a hostelry on the east side of King (Water) Street owned by Robert Mullan, who probably had original methods of recruiting and who judged the physical fitness of the applicant by his size. Mullan was used to sailors and soldiers and knew the attraction of promising bounties and pensions and the lure that the prospect of good prize money would be to his regular patrons. On the morning of November 10, 1775, therefore, the genial husky patriot appeared as the captain of a Corps of Marines, and announced that he was looking for good men.

A good man had to pass Mullan's scrutiny for physical fitness, and further Captain Mullan wanted to know whether the recruit had a "good effective firearm" anywhere. This was important, because weapons were short in those days, and if a man had a gun, the chances were that he could use it. Possession of a weapon was an indication that the owner was a fighting man and ready to use it against the enemy, so if he could meet other conditions he was in. The other conditions were, according to a circular that the two-fisted Captain pinned on the door of the little back room in the tavern where recruiting began, that each recruit should equip himself with a "cartouche box, cutlas and blanket." Altogether three hundred Marines seem to have been recruited from that dingy little room in Philadelphia, and from these three hundred pioneers there evolved the present United States Marine Corps with a history that is spangled with courage.

The Marines were quickly in action. We have news of the first Marine landing when a detachment under Commander Esek Hopkins was included in the small naval force sent to capture six hundred barrels of powder that the British had stored on the island of New Providence in the Bahamas. The colonial troops were urgently in need of ammunition and military material, and the knowledge that such a prize was within reach and guarded only by a few British troops spurred Hopkins to make an attempt to organize an expedition to capture it.

Nine small ships including the sloops, *Providence* and *Hornet*, and the schooners, *Fly* and *Wasp*, set sail from Philadelphia. Aboard the little armada were about a hundred Marines and their officers. There were various delays in getting the expedition to the islands, and when the squadron finally arrived off Cape Henlopen, a heavy northeasterly gale sprang up and Hopkins decided to post-

pone the operation until the weather was more favorable. Two ships were separated from the main body, but after a fifteen-day delay Hopkins decided to attack with a landing force of about two hundred Marines led by Captain Samuel Nicholas. Although the landing force was detected and fired on, Nicholas succeeded in landing his men under the cover of the guns of the bigger ships, and led them toward the town of New Providence. Then, with considerable diplomacy and the desire to undertake his hazardous mission without undue shedding of blood, Nicholas sent word to the governor of his intention, and also sent a note to the garrison advocating surrender. The garrison immediately spiked their guns and left the fort for the Marines to occupy. The next day Nicholas advanced on the town and occupied it without a shot being fired.

With the landings thus accomplished, Commodore Hopkins was able to bring his whole squadron into the harbor to capture the stores available. Unfortunately, the Governor had been able to destroy the hundred and fifty casks of gunpowder that were the main object of the expedition, but after occupying the shore for several days Commodore Hopkins was able to sail away without casualties and with considerable booty of military value.

Thus, the Continental Marines made their first landing and began the tradition of the United States Marine Corps in landing first and taking the situation in hand.

Since then, the Marines have made more than a hundred and eighty landings on foreign shores, and have fought side by side with the Navy and Army and with foreign troops. They have served in China, Japan, Korea, Egypt, Alaska, Tripoli, France, Sumatra, Formosa, Algeria, and numerous tiny islands around the world. The Corps claims a number of famous "firsts" which include the raising of

the American flag over Alaska on October 18, 1867, the firing of the first shot for the United States in World War I, and the honor of carrying the first American flag into Germany in 1918, when Captain Gaines Mosely raised "Old Glory" on the banks of the Rhine after the Armistice. Whether it has been the use of a new weapon, such as the gatling gun, the forerunner of the present type of machine gun which they adopted in the eighteen-nineties, or the early experiments with dive-bombing, the Marines have always been in the forefront of military progress.

When the Reprisal, the first American war vessel in European waters, took Benjamin Franklin to France in 1776, it carried a contingent of marines and later captured several British vessels as prizes of war. When Captain Paul Jones sailed in his famous Ranger, his detachment of marines distinguished themselves by their marksmanship and courage.

One of the most daring exploits of the Ranger was to burn British shipping at Whitehaven, a port on the north-west coast of England, where the Marines and sailors landed, spiked the guns of the fort, and plundered a castle belonging to the Earl of Selkirk. Later, in the battle between the Ranger, now commemorated by one of the United States Navy's aircraft-carriers, and the British ship Drake, the men of the Marine contingent distinguished themselves by their marksmanship and courage. During the engagement, Lieutenant Samuel Wallingford, the officer in charge of the Marines, was killed, but the Drake surrendered to the smaller Ranger.

On Paul Jones's second expedition against the British, the Marine contingent on the Bonhomme Richard, which had been separated from the main squadron, gave an early exhibition of resource that is typical of the present-day Corps. Shortly after the Bonhomme Richard had engaged the British

Serapis, two of her guns burst, and one gun deck was unworkable. Only the guns on the upper deck were available for the engagement, but the Marine sharpshooters stationed in the fighting tops and rigging of the American vessel were equal to the occasion, and it is said that their deadly shooting kept the top decks of the British vessel clear of men, thus preventing her using her guns. From her lower decks, however, she poured a heavy and destructive fire on the Bonhomme Richard, making holes that were below the water line, and which put the ship in danger of sinking. As the two ships came together, the marines began to drop hand grenades from their mainyard, which overhung the deck of the enemy ship. One of these fell down the main hatch of the Serapis and ignited the powder magazine. The explosion broke the morale of the British crew, and the Serapis surrendered. The next day, the Bonhomme Richard sank, and history reports that out of the hundred and thirty marines, many of whom were French citizens, sixty-seven were killed or wounded.

The Marines, who wore a distinctive uniform—a green coat with turnback shirt faced with white, and buttons that were marked with the distinctive fouled-anchor insignia, continued to fight through the Revolutionary War. The officers of the time wore silver buttons, and the men, pewter. On the officers' buttons appeared the fouled-anchor insignia. Captain Paul Jones dressed his marines in the British manner with scarlet coats over white breeches and dark leggings. Marines belonging to other states wore their own distinctive uniforms and rank badges.

With the end of the Revolutionary War, the Marines were disbanded, and it was not until 1798 that history records the organization of a Corps of Marines, following earlier enlistments of marines in the Navy. This is shown in records still existing that give the enlistment of Stephen

Bowden on May 7, 1798, and about twenty others, some of whom were recruited for service on the Constellation under a lieutenant. On July 11 of the same year, an act of Congress authorized a Corps of Marines to consist of a major, four captains, sixteen first lieutenants, twelve second lieutenants, forty-eight sergeants, forty-eight corporals, thirty-two drums and fifes, and seven hundred and twenty privates. A contingent was put by President John Adams under the charge of Major Commandant William Ward Burrows, an officer of the Revolutionary War who resided in Philadelphia. This may have been the reason why in August, 1798, Philadelphia was to see the establishment of a Marine camp, where men were recruited and trained to provide Marine detachments for the naval vessels that were being put into commission.

A year later, Congress authorized the strength of the Corps to be increased by four officers and a hundred and ninety-six enlisted men, and the Corps began its unbroken record of action, the Marines taking part in many important sea fights, and acting as boarding parties and sharpshooters. The progress of time was to bring achievement and adventure that cannot be equaled by any other corps in any nation in the world. This is due largely to the fact that the Marine Corps is used wherever landing has to be undertaken. One of the most famous expeditions in which a detachment of marines distinguished itself was that between the Barbary States of the Mediterranean and the United States, which came to a head when the Pasha of Tripoli declared war on the United States in support of the piratical Moors and removed the flagstaff from the American consulate at Tripoli.

The American naval forces were greatly outnumbered by those controlled by the enemy, and a severe loss was sustained when the *Philadelphia* ran ashore near Tripoli and was captured by the Pasha's men, who succeeded in refloating her and bringing her into port. She lay there under the protection of the heavy coastal-defense guns. Then followed one of the most daring feats in the history of the United States Navy. Lieutenant Decatur with a contingent of marines and sailors sailed into the harbor, boarded the *Philadelphia*, overcame the native crew, and set fire to the ship. He and his men waited until the fire had taken hold, then withdrew under heavy fire without losing a single life.

Later, United States Marines — a sergeant and six privates — under the command of Lieutenant Presley O'Bannon with thirty-eight Greeks accomplished the most extraordinary feat of taking the port of Derna after marching several hundred miles through the African desert and enduring many hardships. These were not helped by the arguments and desertions of the owners and drivers of the camel trains carrying the little expedition's supplies.

While vessels of the American navy were bombarding the Port from the sea, O'Bannon with his marines and some artillery men made an attack from the southeast, later withdrawing to join the main body of troops commanded by Captain Eaton. O'Bannon and his marines seized the fort in the harbor and raised the Stars and Stripes in that part of the world for the first time. Then they turned the guns of the fort on the governor's castle, demoralizing the defenders, who retreated, leaving the American force under Eaton in command of the city. Two marines were killed in this extraordinary engagement, which is commemorated in the Marine Hymn.

From this engagement came the custom of the officers of the United States Marine Corps of carrying the distinctive Mameluke sword with its long slightly curved blade, made for either cutting or thrusting, and an ivory hilt with no guard. This type of weapon is supposed to be a direct descendant of those carried by the Assyrians as far back as 1325 B.C., later adopted by the Mameluke tribe in northeast Africa. With a view to maintaining permanent order in Tripolitania, the American force had intended to place Hamet Karamali, the brother of the usurping Pasha of Tripoli, on the throne, and while the Americans had made their attack from the southeast, Hamet with his Arabs had made an assault from the southwest. When peace was made with Tripoli, Hamet came to the United States and presented O'Bannon with the sword that he himself had carried while fighting with his Mamelukes. Since then, with the exception of a brief period when the Army type sword was adopted. Marine officers have worn the Mameluke sword as a reminder of Hamet's gratitude and the valor of the marines who took the fort at Derna.

During the War of 1812, the Marines were in many important operations, taking part in the decisive battle of Lake Erie and in the invasion of Canada. For the next fifty years, the Corps remained constantly in action. They fought the Indians in Florida, chased subdued pirates in the West Indies, and maintained law and order among the South Sea islanders who had been preying on American shipping.

It was during the war with Mexico that the action took place which gave the "Halls of Montezuma" now inscribed on the banner of the Corps. After assisting in the capture of Vera Cruz and Puebla, a force of Marines stormed their way into Mexico City and raised the Stars and Stripes over the National Palace, where they remained to act as a guard of honor to General Scott when he made his entry into the city.

In 1853-1854, detachments of the Marines who sailed with Commodore Perry landed to make their first acquaint-

ance with the Japanese. During the Civil War, the Japanese opened fire on the U.S.S. Wyoming at an Asiatic station. The Marine gunners retaliated by sinking one Japanese ship and blowing up another. In 1868, after Japanese troops had attacked foreign residents, a detachment of twenty-five marines landed at Yokohama to protect the American minister, and considerably impressed the Nipponese by their show of discipline and smartness.

As the rich panorama of American history has unrolled, everywhere that there has been fighting to be done or assistance to be rendered to civil power the United States Marine Corps has been on hand. In 1867, Marines landed at Formosa to avenge the lives of the crew of an American vessel, the Rover, that had been wrecked on the island and pillaged by the inhabitants. As the local authorities of the island attributed the outrages to savage tribes not under their control, Rear Admiral Bell decided to take the law into his own hands and find and punish the murderers. A force of Marines and naval men was landed and fought a short sharp action under very difficult conditions, driving the savage natives inland.

Later a Marine detachment took part in a punitive expedition against the Koreans, which resulted in singularly fierce fighting. Two Marine enlisted men, Private Hugh Purvis and Corporal Charles Brown, particularly distinguished themselves in this campaign by tearing down the enemy flag as the United States troops stormed the Korean citadel, which was later captured and destroyed. Both were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Subsequently the Marines had their first brush with the Japanese when a detachment was called ashore at Seoul to protect American and foreign interests as the Japanese overthrew the existing government, and threatened the safety of American life and property. Fifty marines landed and maintained order.

The Spanish-American War found the Marines in action against the Spanish troops at Guantanamo Bay. A battalion of marines who had been in camp at Key West was chosen to attack and capture Guantanamo Bay which is about forty miles east of Santiago Harbor. The battalion was shipped on board the U.S.S. Panther and effected the landing in intense tropical heat, a feat which was widely praised by military experts, and which was held to be of the greatest importance to the campaign. Following this the Marines saw action at Santiago, Puerto Rico, Cuba, and the island of Guam, where sixteen sailors and thirty marines landed and disarmed the Spanish Garrison.

At the end of the Spanish-American War, the approximate strength of the Corps was forty-eight hundred officers and men, and its activities continued to spread. In 1900, when the Boxers or "Long-hairs," a fanatical religious sect in China, rebelled against the Imperial Government and waged a war of pillage and murder on all foreigners, a contingent of Marines defended the Legation quarter in Pekin, and later a regiment of Marines was included in the Allied Relief expedition to Pekin, side by side with French, German, and British troops.

When the Filipino insurrection began to assume dangerous proportions, a battalion of Marines was sent to defend Admiral Dewey's base at Cavite, to be joined later by another. Here the Marines saw some of the hottest action and endured the severest trials.

China, Panama, Cuba, Nicaragua, and Abyssinia all figure in the United States Marine Corps expeditions since the turn of the century. One of the strangest expeditions in which the Marines participated was made when a force was dispatched on camels to visit King Menelik of Abyssinia, who claimed to be the descendant of King Solomon and bore the proud title of "The Lion of Judah." For

hundreds of miles the leathernecks swayed on the backs of the "ships of the desert" led by a Marine standard-bearer carrying the Stars and Stripes.

The Marines feel particularly at home in Panama. They served on the Isthmus during the formation of the Republic, and were back again in 1908. Members of the Corps first visited Nicaragua in 1852, and since then the Marines have been back in large numbers to fight several actions, notably during the civil disturbances of 1909–1910.

In China, where the Marines first landed in 1854, the Corps has been almost constantly represented, and in 1927 a force of five thousand was dispatched to the Republic, which was in the throes of civil strife caused by the warlords, who were trying to overthrow the Government supported by the liberal-minded Chiang Kai-shek. In 1937, United States Marines were protecting the International Settlement in Shanghai against the Jap soldiers who were running amok, and until 1938 a Marine detachment was permanently stationed at Tientsin. Soon the Marines may go back to China to help liberate it from the Japanese.

Prominent in the history of the United States Marine Corps is the famous Marine band which had its beginning in Philadelphia shortly after the original recruiting drive at the Tun Tavern. Today, as then, the drumheads bear the distinctive image of a rattlesnake with the legend "Don't Tread on Me."

The early Marine band consisted only of fife and drums, but in 1798, when Congress established the new Marine Corps, it authorized a band consisting of a drum major, a fife major, and thirty-two drums and fifes. When the national capital was moved to Washington in 1800 and the Marines already marked as "Presidential Troops" arrived, the band became a popular feature of the life of the city and began the presentation of a series of public

concerts on a hill overlooking the Potomac. It then consisted of oboes, clarinets, French horns, bassoons, drums, and fifes and made its official début on New Year's Day, 1801, when President Adams invited it to play at a reception in the White House. Since then, it has come to be known as "The Band of the Presidents."

During the War of 1812, Marine bandsmen not only helped maintain morale in the capital with martial music, but some fought in the battle of Bladensburg, while others assisted in saving the early records of the Corps when the British fired the city. In 1860, President Lincoln insisted that the band continue its outdoor concerts when trouble arose, and it was the Marine Corps band that played a prelude to his historic Gettysburg Address.

Today's Marine Corps band, consisting of eighty pieces under the command of Captain William Santelmann, is known throughout America. Captain Santelmann's father, who commanded the band in 1899, achieved the plan of organizing a symphony orchestra within the band which required practically every member to double in strings. His task took him four years, but since that time the band has functioned as a symphony on numerous occasions. Among the leaders of the band, known to millions because of its daily radio concerts and public appearances, was the great master of the military march, John Philip Sousa.

Among the most outstanding exploits of the Marines were those of the fighting leathernecks who landed in France in World War I. They earned the fear and respect of the Germans and the admiration of the entire world. When the war broke out in April, 1917, the United States Marine Corps consisted of 13,500 officers and men, half of whom were on duty outside the country or on ships of the United States Navy.

Five weeks after the declaration of war the Fifth Regi-

ment of Marines left for service in France. They were followed by the Sixth Regiment and a machine-gun battalion and were formed into a brigade that became one of the two infantry brigades of the Second Division of the United States Expeditionary Force. After they arrived in France, the raw leathernecks were assigned to train with experienced French troops. But once in action under the command of Major General John A. Lejeune of the United States Marine Corps, they distinguished themselves, fighting in eight operations, of which four were major offensives.

The Marines fought extremely hard in France. The Fifth and Sixth Regiments were cited in Army orders for conspicuous action in the Château-Thierry section, the Aisne-Marne offensive, and the Meuse-Argonne Drive. The Sixth Machine-Gun Battalion also shared in similar citations. Today members of these units wear the distinctive colored fourragère, or shoulder cord, awarded by the French as a battle honor, and in their colors they carry the ribbon of the French Croix de Guerre. The Second Division, of which the Marines were part, is said to have played a major part in stemming the German advance on Paris, and during this advance occurred the incident which has become a legend to the Marines. The French were in retreat and a French officer sent a message to Captain Lloyd Williams ordering his unit to retire. Lloyd Williams replied, "Retreat, hell! We only just got here," and his marines continued to hold the position.

On November 10, 1918, their first birthday in France, the Marines fought their way to the banks of the Meuse near Beaumont. Across the river the Germans were pouring a withering fire of shells and machine-gun bullets to stem the advance. The Second Division ran a bridge across the stream and it was immediately destroyed by enemy

fire. The Marines built another and finally spanned the river. That night, two battalions advanced under the German flares and established themselves on the heights on the farther side. These same marines had fought at Belleau Wood, Soissons, Saint-Mihiel, and in the Champagne area of France. They pressed on the next day, exhausted and mud-begrimed, and were still advancing when the Armistice was announced.

In the Belleau Wood action alone, which is termed by many historians as the turning point of the war, the United States Marines suffered 1806 of the 1811 deaths sustained by the American Second Division in an offensive that began on June 6 and continued until the evening of July 1, when the Third Brigade captured Vaux. Out of 7252 additional casualties, 3615 were marines, a striking illustration of the part played by the leathernecks in this campaign.

When World War I came to a close, the United States Marine Corps had expanded to seventy-five thousand officers and men, and as well as supplying Marine detachments to the larger vessels of the fleet and navy yards, it had maintained a brigade in Texas for protection of the Allied oil supply in Mexico. One brigade had been in Cuba, and there were detachments in England, the Azores, the Virgin Islands, Guam, the Philippines, China, Hawaii, and Nicaragua, in Haiti and Santo Domingo.

I 2. OPPORTUNITIES

THE United States Marine Corps offers limitless opportunity for recruits. Possibilities in the regular or reserve forces are numerous and every enlisted man has an opportunity to become an officer. Most of the marine officers are proud of the fact that they have risen from the ranks.

"The primary function of the Marine Corps is to produce fighting men," states the Public Relations Department of the Corps. "For that reason every man, regardless of his experience in auxiliary branches, must receive basic training." In this boot camp training he learns to march, drill, and adjust himself to military life. Boot training in the Marines offers a career of which any boy can be proud—commissions, warrant and non-commissioned rank, and specialist appointments.

Each year the appointment to the Naval Academy of a number of enlisted men is authorized. They are selected as a result of competitive examinations given enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps and Navy. Men are qualified for Annapolis if they are not more than twenty years of age on April 1 of the school year, and if they have been in the Marine Corps at least one year by July 1 of that year. Nine months of service must have been sea duty.

The enlisted man must be of officer caliber, have at least

a first-class high-school education, be a citizen of the United States, and pass the required mental and physical examinations. In order to give deserving enlisted men every opportunity to take advantage of being admitted to the Naval Academy, a preparatory school is maintained at Hampton Roads, Virginia, for the preparation of enlisted men for the April entrance examination.

Civilian specialists who hold administrative posts, have highly technical skill or knowledge, or have had posts of authority in a specialist vocation can earn commissions in the Marine Corps. Men with experience in such fields as aircraft, radio, and communications are especially needed.

Civilian aviation specialists, known as AVS personnel—Aviation Volunteer Specialists—are given a special ten weeks' course of instruction in the Reserve Officers' Class. Certificates of graduation are presented upon completion of this training, and after finishing further training at specialty schools, the AVS officers are assigned to ground administrative posts, which were held formerly by Marine Corps pilots. They are detailed for service with Marine Corps aviation units all over the globe.

There are three ways of entering the Marine Air Corps, perhaps the most exciting branch of the fighting leathernecks. They are from Naval Aviation Cadet training, Civilian Pilot Refresher Flight training, or by becoming a non-commissioned officer pilot.

Applicants are eligible for Naval Aviation Cadet training if they are graduates of high school and if they are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-seven. As aviation cadet, the candidate takes preliminary flight training at a naval-reserve base. Upon completion of flight training, the aviation cadet, designated a naval aviator, is commissioned as second lieutenant in the Marine Corps, or he may remain in the Navy as an ensign.

Aviators receive an extra fifty per cent of base pay for duty involving flying.

Civilian aircraft pilots are eligible to apply for a commission in the United States Marine Corps Reserve in flight status. Pilots who qualify for commissions will be detailed to duty as flight instructors or transport pilots. Ordinarily these fliers will be commissioned as second lieutenants, though the rank in which a candidate is commissioned will depend upon his age, prominence, and experience. Applicants must be between eighteen and thirty-nine years of age and must hold an effective commercial pilot's certificate or a private pilot's certificate with at least three hundred hours' flying time in aircraft of one hundred horsepower or higher. Educational requirements are two years of college or the equivalent training. Upon successfully completing the Instructors' Course, pilots will be designated as naval aviators.

Many American boys are eager to fly with the Marine Air Corps who do not have a high-school education or previous flight training. There is a way to realize that ambition. Applicants must enlist in the Marine Corps for general duty. After completion of basic training, they must have six months' service with a Marine Corps Aviation Unit.

Upon making application for Non-Commissioned Officer Pilot training, the enlisted man must fill the following requirements: he must be recommended by his commanding officer; he must have attained the rank of private first class or above; be less than twenty-seven years of age on July 1 of the fiscal year of application; be able to receive and send a minimum of eight words a minute; and he must be physically qualified.

None of the requirements are hard to meet, provided the applicant is eager to get his wings and works hard. The eight words a minute will be easy, for he will be given a course in communications as part of the aviation ground crew training he will receive.

Appointments as commissioned officers in the United States Marine Corps Reserve, for assignment to special aircraft warning duties, are offered to men holding Bachelor of Science degrees in electrical, communications, or radio engineering. College graduates with special training in physics and mathematics are also eligible. Ordinarily, the commission awarded will be that of second lieutenant, but commissions in higher grades may be given to applicants with exceptional qualifications. Physical defects which normally would be disqualifying may be waived in certain cases. Men with dependents may be commissioned.

After completion of a brief indoctrination course in customs of the service, officers selected will attend a three to six months' course of instruction on aircraft-warning equipment at one of the service schools. They then will be assigned to Marine Corps units to supervise the operation and maintenance of aircraft-warning and allied radio equipment. They will also be charged with the organization and training of aircraft-warning personnel in units for both ground and air forces.

Appointments in the Marine Corps Reserve with initial rank of staff sergeant have been opened to experienced radio operators, technicians, and repairmen between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five, with the assurance that they will be assigned to aircraft-warning maintenance duties. Candidates for appointment must be high-school graduates and must hold or have held an amateur radio operator's license, Class A or B, or a commercial radio-telegraph or radio-telephone operator's license, first or second class. Men accepted will be transferred at once to a signal battalion for assignment to a special course of training in maintenance of aircraft-warning equipment.

Men who meet the above requirements, but who are not high-school graduates, may be enlisted as privates in the regular Marine Corps or Marine Corps Reserve with the assurance that they will be assigned to general communications duty if found qualified. Applicants may enlist in the regular Marine Corps for a period of four years — a "cruise"; or in the Marine Corps Reserve for the duration of the war plus six months.

A Marine private has many exciting duties to choose from and an opportunity to travel to the far corners of the world for land duty, as well as to serve aboard the big capital ships of our fleet as "sea-going" marines. There are marines in Cuba, the Canal Zone, Hawaii, and in the South Pacific. No marine ever stays in one place long enough to get rusty.

The Marine Corps offers many types of duty. There are field music and the Marine Corps Band, the Marine Raider Battalions, the Fleet Marine Force, sea duty aboard the big "battle-wagons" as members of secondary batteries, the motor transport division, aviation duty, and many others. There is a place for every man who can meet the modified physical requirements.

Men in the line perform general duties on ship and shore. A private is advanced to private first class, corporal, and sergeant by displaying definite qualities of leadership and military ability; to a platoon sergeant by a special knowledge of military drills and procedures; to a first sergeant or a gunnery sergeant depending upon whether he is an expert in military drills and administration, or is highly proficient in the care, mechanism, and operation of various weapons; and to sergeant major or master gunnery sergeant depending upon whether he is a master of regulations and administration, or whether he is to serve as the instructor and expert in the care and use of arms and ordnance.

The commissary is concerned with feeding the Corps. In furnishing food for a large number of men, two kinds of work are necessary: handling food and materials, and supervising such work. A private who is interested in handling food may advance to assistant cook (private first class), to field cook (corporal) and to chief cook (sergeant), depending upon his proven abilities and previous experiences in preparing food. A private who is interested in supervisory work may advance to mess corporal, mess sergeant, staff sergeant, technical sergeant, and master technical sergeant. The latter must be able to select or supervise the purchase of food or distribute it when it is necessary to supply a large force in the field.

The Marines are proud of their band and are on the lookout for talented musicians. The United States Marine Band at Washington, D.C., consists of sixty-five musicians. Applicants, who must be high-school graduates between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, are required to pass the usual physical examination and a musical examination given by the leader. They must be able to play one band instrument and one stringed orchestral instrument. Post or regimental bands are also maintained at large posts. Assignments are determined by vacancies and musical qualifications of candidates.

Marines have to be paid. Disbursement of funds is handled through the office of the paymaster. Men who have an interest in and show aptitudes and abilities for work performed in this branch have the opportunity of progressing from private through private first class, corporal, sergeant, staff sergeant, and technical sergeant to paymaster sergeant. The latter officer is qualified to assist the paymaster in disbursing funds and is familiar with all returns and accounts rendered by that office.

The Quartermaster's Department takes care of supplying

and transporting food, clothing, and equipment to the Marines. The beginner in the Q.M. Department, private first class, learns the service system of providing food, supplies, and clothing. As he learns he may be promoted to corporal, sergeant, staff sergeant, supply or technical sergeant, and finally quartermaster sergeant or master technical sergeant.

The maintenance and operation of communications in the Marine Corps is delegated to the signal and radio branch. In order to be promoted to private first class, a man must have a fundamental knowledge of radio or telephony. As he learns more about the details of the naval communications system, has an advanced knowledge of radio, and becomes proficient in the maintenance and operation of the equipment he must work with (radio and telephone), he will be promoted to corporal, sergeant, staff sergeant, technical sergeant, and finally to the rank of master technical sergeant, who is an expert craftsman.

The age requirements for the regular or reserve Marine Corps are from seventeen to thirty-six years. Applicants under twenty-one years of age must have the consent of their parents.

Recruits east of the Mississippi River are sent to Parris Island, South Carolina, for basic training; those west of the Mississippi to San Diego, California. All recruits enlist for general duty, but each can be assured that every effort will be made to find his proper field.

Privates are the backbone of any military organization. The Marine Corps, known the world over as the most democratic service, does more for its enlisted men than possibly any other branch of the armed forces. The bulk of the regular and reserve enlistments will be trained for combat duties, and have a chance to duplicate or better Marine performances in the Solomons, and at Wake and

Midway. However, the enlisted man who wants an education or who wants to better himself will find that the Marine Corps has help for him. There are sixty-nine vocational schools offering all sorts of technical training. In addition to Sea School, correspondence courses from the Marine Corps Institute and the Marine Corps Schools help him improve his education.

Marines with the necessary qualifications are attending the sixty-nine vocational schools operated by the Marine Corps, the Army, Navy, and private companies, and are getting a technical education which could not be duplicated in many cases in any private technical school. The courses vary in length of time from three weeks to six months. Aviation schools alone, with their many subdivisions, are training several thousand a month.

The sixty-nine vocational schools are:

Anti-aircraft Director School Amphibian Tractor School Armored Force School Tank Mechanics' Course Wheeled Vehicle Course Gunnery Instructors' Course Armorers' School (small arms) Automatic Electric Telephone School Army Tank School Band School Barrage Balloon School Bok Vocational School (photography) Quartermaster School of Administration Aircraft-Warning Maintenance Aircraft-Warning Operators' School Radio Matériel School

Radio Operators' School Searchlight and Sound-Locator Course Signal Corps (Wire, Radio, and communications) Bomb Disposal School Clerical School Stenographic Course Typists' Course Coast Artillery Chemical Warfare School Cooks and Bakers' School Elementary Aircraft Warning Electric Interior Communication Engineer School Drafting Course Surveying Course Heavy Mechanical Equipment Course Water Purification Course

Engineer School Map Reproduction and Photography Blacksmithing and Welding Topographic Computing Photography Course Spoken and Written Japanese Tank Destroyer School Telephone Electricians' School Teletype Maintenance Course Field Music School Fire Control School Fire Department School Field Telephone School First Sergeants' School Gas Mask Repair Course Hercules Motors School Landing Boat School Motor Transport School Automotive Mechanics' School Motor Vehicle Operators' Course Motorcycle Mechanical School

Naval Academy Preparatory Class Parachute School Parachute Riggers' School Camouflage Course Demolition Course Refrigeration Course Water Distillation and Purification Course Anti-aircraft Training and Test Center Aerology Aerographer Schools Aviation Schools School of Photography Fleet Machine Gun School Tractor School Optical School Ordnance School Ammunition Course Artillery Mechanics Fire Control Course Optical Instrument Course Infantry Weapons Course

Equally at home afloat or ashore, in every age the Marines have merited the name given to them by Kipling, "soldier and sailor, too." Men assigned to sea duty for the first time attend the Sea School at Norfolk, Virginia, or San Diego, California, where they learn all the duties of a marine aboard ship. The training consists of drills, study on the duties and customs or terms of the sea, and gunnery instruction.

At sea, the Marines are a part of a ship's gunnery section. They are usually assigned to the secondary or anti-aircraft batteries, and sometimes to both types. They take part in the sea battles during wartime. In the past when a peacetime landing on a hostile shore has been necessary,

the Marines climb over the sides to get the situation well in hand. Men from the ship's detachment ordinarily do not take part in land actions in wartime.

Men on "line" duty — which is combat and guard duty - are not denied the opportunity to learn. The Marine Corps Institute, located in Washington, D.C., offers instruction in fifty-eight academic and vocational subjects by the correspondence-school method not only to marines stationed overseas, but also to those in the United States. Since its founding in 1920, the Marine Corps Institute has awarded diplomas to more than ten thousand graduates. Graduates include not only enlisted men, but many officers up to the grade of major general who have voluntarily taken the courses. The Institute, headed by Colonel John Potts, U.S.M.C., C.O., Marine Barracks, Washington, D.C., has on its rolls 6337 students, instructed by a staff of sixty-eight enlisted men and three officers. The Academic School gives instruction in high-school subjects, commercial subjects, mathematics, and languages.

Marines appreciate the training the Marine Corps Institute gives them. A marine on Midway Island, where Marines on a December night repulsed a Japanese naval raid, apologized in a letter which MCI received on January 15: "Due to present circumstances (continued Jap attacks), I will be unable to keep up the monthly quota of one lesson. However, on or about the 20th of January, I shall try to have lesson to submit. I hope this [delay] does not affect my record in the Institute."

Sea School, the Marine Corps Institute, and the vocational schools are primarily for the enlisted men, while the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Virginia, are primarily for the training of newly commissioned officers and candidates for commission.

The Marine Corps Schools consist of the Candidates'

Class, the Reserve Officers' Class — which also gives refresher training to aviation specialists — and the Marine Corps Schools Detachment. The Marine Corps Schools Detachment is made up of an Artillery Course, which consists of a Base Defense Section and the Artillery Section, and the Correspondence School.

The Correspondence School offers instruction in sixty-six sub-courses in ten classes for officers and enlisted men. The curriculum contains military subjects designed to aid the advancement of the men in the Marine Corps, and therefore is a different type of correspondence school from the Marine Corps Institute. Some of the sixty-six subjects given are Elementary Naval Law, Rules of Land Warfare, Field Engineering, Ordnance and Gunnery, and Camouflage.

Men who want to serve their country in a corps with the finest fighting reputation in the world, to acquire an excellent education, and to see the world at the same time, are urged to join the United States Marine Corps!

THE END

SEMPER FIDELIS

The U.S. Marines in Action

By Keith Ayling

THE United States Marine Corps has a proud history, and the exploits of marines in the present war are adding other exciting chapters to this history. These inside stories of marines under fire have, in many cases, been told to the author by marines who have returned from active duty in the Pacific area — marines who were there when a landing was made on Guadalcanal, marines who took part in the exciting aerial combats over Midway Island, marines who fought their way through damp dark jungles. Here is told, also, the story of the brave men on Wake Island, who defended it against enormous odds until forced to surrender.

Before marines can fight, they have to be trained. This training includes everything, from tending barrage balloons, and flying gliders, to fighting as Rangers or Paratroopers. The author tells, also, of the many and varied opportunities that the Marine Corps has to offer to young men who join this branch of the service.

